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SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

AMONG the desiderata in British Biography is a correct, circumstantial and well authenticated account of this wonderful man. It may not be improper to note a few particulars concerning his family and juvenile studies but little known, and gathered from various publications now scarce and seldom read.

He was doubtless of an ancient and respectable family, and the name is still very common about the place of his nativity. The obscurity in which his pedigree is involved, makes it less surprising we are so little acquainted with that of many great characters of remote antiquity.

Mr. John Newton, father of Sir Isaac, had a paternal estate in Woolsthorpe and the neighbourhood, worth about 50l. a year. He was a wild, extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good property. His wife's name was Ayscough, sometimes written Askew, and that she was of an ancient and honourable family, appears from the famous Ann Askew, in Fox's Martyrology, being a branch of it. And its ancestors seem to have been considerable and eminent in their days.

Sir Isaac, when a boy, was often enough employed in servile offices, as is still customary with children even of superior parentage brought up in the country, but his amusements were then of a different and superior cast from his playmates of the same age. The elements of mechanism seem to have been born with him. In the humble office of a shepherd-boy, and while watching the sheep, he is said to have been found poring on books of geometry. And instead of associating with others of his own age, in their juvenile sports and pursuits, he was fond of being alone, and always busy, executing some ingenious contrivance. The nicknacks and various models in miniature, of his invention and fabricating, by little saws, hatchets, hammers, and other appropriate tools, render his youthful operations no unsuitable anticipation of the incomparable productions which distinguished his riper years.

The singular bias of his genius, thus early displayed, shaped his education, and selected his studies and pursuits through life. It was on finding him working a mathematical problem in a hay-loft at Grantham, and observing his strong aptitude for that science, that his uncle, a clergyman of the name of Ayscough, prevailed on his sister, Sir Isaac's mother, to send him to the university for the completion of his studies. So much was he engrossed by this noble science from the first, that he had its elements, not from Euclid which he deigned not to consult, but from nature, which endowed him with such an original cast of mind as raised him above all the forms of art.

The figure he made at Trinity-College, Cambridge, under the famous Dr. Barrow is well known. This great man soon perceived the transcendent intellect of his young pupil, and had the magnanimity to make it as public as possible. The invincible modesty of Sir Isaac, but for the care and attention of his masterly tutor, might have kept his talents long hid from the world, and in some degree useless. But Dr. Barrow seemed insensible to his own worth, in proportion as he was alive to that of Sir Isaac; he resigned the professorship of mathematics in his favour, and was many ways instrumental in bringing him forward.

There is not a trace of imitation or servility in any of his works. He gives to the public nothing but what is his own. He thought always for himself; and enlightened

the world, only from the resource of his own mind, almost unaided by the labours of his predecessors. And whatever engaged his faculties, struck him in a new light and derived from his genius somewhat like a new form.

It has often been observed of superior minds, that their merit is tarnished and obscured by the pride and arrogance that accompany them. To this weakness of our nature, Sir Isaac was an eminent exception. Few men ever possessed such speculative powers, and no man was ever less proud of his distinctions. The humility of his temper was equal to his superiority of intellect. No accident or provocation ever betrayed him into rashness or temerity. The innate meekness of his nature resisted every temptation to intemperance and never forsook him. And he was not more great in the exertion of his uncommon powers, than in the perfect command of his passions. His mind was as much the seat of virtue as of genius. Always cool and collected, he listened to others with patience, committed himself on nothing beyond the bounds of moderation, and never once discovered in speech or demeanour, the least propensity to dispute or dictate. He had none of that silly captious malignity which usually tinctures little fastidious cankered minds, his good-nature surmounted all the cross occurrences of life, he retained to the last the simplicity of a child, and the purity of his heart, as well as his serenity of intellect, proved ultimately unconquerable.

The humble tenement where this illustrious man first drew breath, is a simple farm-house in the village of Woolsthorpe, consisting of a few messuages of equal simplicity, about half a mile west of Collersworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, known to every peasant in these parts. And he breathed his last in that agreeable part of Kensington, called Pitt's Buildings. His academic time was spent in Trinity-College, Cambridge, where some of his apparatus still remain; and his apartments are even now mentioned to strangers with a degree of laudable exultation. Here he made many of his discoveries, composed most of his works, and enjoyed the intimacy of his tutor and friend, the celebrated Doctor Bentley, so noted for his critical talents, and profound literature. It was said, Sir Isaac availed himself of the doctor's Latinity, and the doctor of Sir Isaac's physical theories, and that the publications of both were benefited by their mutual assistance.

Sir Isaac's town-house, where he occasionally resided, was in St. Martin's Street, in the corner of Long's Court, Leicester-Fields. Here may still be seen a small observatory which he had erected on the roof for the convenience of his studies. The same house was also occupied by Dr. Burney, a celebrated master of music, an elegant writer, and the father of Dr. Burney, the academician of Greenwich, universally deemed one of the best Greek scholars in England.

Sir Isaac's paternal inheritance, with all his improvements, fell to the share of his second cousin Robert Newton, a low illiterate man, who being also dissolute and extravagant, soon dissipated the whole, dying at Collersworth about the 30th year of his age, by a tobacco-pipe breaking in his throat, in a fall occasioned by ebriety.

DESULTORY NOTES &c. ON THE ESSAY ON THE NILE.

If the Bahar el Azergue was not the Nile of Ptolemy, or the Arabic geographers led or misled by his authority, the Bahar el Abiad has as little claim to that honour.

If the knowledge of these geographers was founded on observation, or derived from the inhabitants of interior Africa, it can apply only to the two great rivers Joliba (improperly in the essay called Jollabola) and Senegal, since these only will correspond to the description of the great streams flowing in opposite directions from the Jibbel Kumri or Mountains of the Moon. Indeed the similarity betwixt these and the descriptions of certain ancient geographers, will induce many to suppose, that the writers had derived information from the inhabitants of the western part of Africa, to have availed themselves of their accounts, and to have supposed the river flowing eastward to be the Nile. The Joliba and Senegal flow from a vast range of hills at no great distance from each other, and both I believe have lakes, at least marshes, at or very near their source. The Joliba, improperly, in that case, termed the Niger, flows N. E. and certainly forms most immense lakes, perfectly corresponding to those into which the Nile was said to flow. Large towns, and various tribes, are scattered throughout all its banks. The Senegal, as has been already stated, rises from or nigh to the same range of hills; it takes a course opposite to that of the Joliba, and discharges itself into the

Atlantic ocean, near Cape Verd. This river therefore must be the Niger of those geographers; indeed no other African stream can be found so suitable to the descriptions of this river. Nay, what seems to put the point beyond doubt, is the very important fact, *that the name of this river was and is to this day in the language of the inhabitants "the Black River."* It is well known, that Arabian geographers describe towns as situated on the banks of the Niger, which are only to be found on this river.

If the Senegal therefore was the Niger, then the river Joliba must be the Nile of Ptolemy, at least of those geographers who followed him. I am convinced that it was from some information picked up from the natives regarding the sources of the Senegal and Joliba, and from supposing the latter to be the Nile, that have flowed all those accounts of the Mountains of the Moon; the two great rivers flowing from the same lake to the ocean and Mediterranean; and those other fables respecting the source of the Nile so abundant in geographical writings coeval with and after the age of Ptolemy.

Horneman asserts, and it is still alledged in Africa, that the Joliba communicates with the Bahar el Abiad. If this were true, we must look for the source of the Nile near two thousand miles westward of Abyssinia, and not eastward of Alexandria, as was imagined by all ancient writers. But in fact the Joliba neither has nor can have any connection with the Bahar el Abiad, which rises in or near Dar Fur, in a mountainous region, where are neither lakes nor other great rivers running westward. *If therefore the Bahar el Azergue was not the Nile of the ancients, neither was or could be the river of Dar Fur: the Joliba of Park and the Senegal must be the Nile and Niger of some writers.* I think it clear that the Joliba must have been the river mentioned by Herodotus and described to him, &c. &c. notwithstanding the gross, illiberal, impertinent remarks of the French translator, and the vulgar brutal abuse of Mr. Bruce by a dull German, named, I think, Hartman.

Note 2. Bruce's Travels, (2d edition), have been most ably edited by a gentleman of Edinburgh, of the name of Murray, who has corrected many errors, and added much valuable and important information regarding oriental literature, history, &c. to that communicated by Bruce. It is (2d edition) in many respects, one of the very best edited works of modern times—would that

the learned editor had made a little more free with his author's text!! Still it is covered, in many places, with deformed specks. Many instances of this might be adduced, but I have not the book at hand. I recollect, however, that in the voyage up the Nile from Cairo, there are gross inaccuracies, owing in all probability to Bruce having (a thing not unusual with travellers) condensed into one journey the events of other and subsequent journeys. He corrects an author respecting the scite I think of Dendera, who was perfectly in the right. In the journey from Masnah too, and that from Gondar homewards, are many inaccuracies. The editor has given a dissertation on the Nile, in which he thoroughly vindicates Bruce from the abuse of Pinkerton, Hartman, and their crew.

Note 3. It is a melancholy fact, that from Tombuctoo, to Dar Fur, between twenty and thirty degrees of longitude, a space containing various great states, numerous and large cities, and fertile territories swarming with inhabitants; these countries too abounding in a great variety of the richest articles of commerce, and connected by a vast navigable river or rivers, perfectly fitting them for a great inland trade; it is, I say, a melancholy consideration that all those vast regions are unknown, many of them even by name, in Europe. Yet frequent caravans yearly cross over all this country to the Red Sea, Mecca, and even much farther, from the most western limits of Africa. Notwithstanding the exertions, truly praiseworthy, of the African Association, I fear a long period must elapse, before we shall attain a thorough knowledge of those remote states and countries. The undertaking is not I think either impracticable, or even very dangerous, if prosecuted with ardour, circumspection, and propriety. Why do the European travellers, always announce, that they are, nay even seem to plume themselves upon being Christians? this too among people mortal enemies to the very name:—to load themselves with articles to these people of incalculable value, though perfectly acquainted with their avarice and rapacity? in a word, to conduct themselves among nations of rude barbarous Africans as Europeans would do while making a tour of pleasure? Surely people can be found, who have perseverance enough to acquire thoroughly the language—to restrict themselves to the simple habit, fare, and accommodation of the rudest natives of Africa. Such individuals, to promote useful knowledge, and the

interest of their native country would not hesitate to submit to the trifling ceremony of circumcision, or boggle at the repetition of the words "la illa el allah—Mahomet ras-soul Allah" (there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.) Until such individuals can be found or employed, I expect as little from the *Protegés* of the association, as I would from those missionaries so laudably and successfully employed in foreign parts to preach the gospel among the heathens. Such men as I have described, might I think penetrate into any part of Northern Africa without much difficulty, and without much danger either to their life or religion. Much too of the Southern Continent might be explored, either from the Cape or the Portuguese settlements on the Indian Ocean. But until such men be found, the discoveries in the interior of Asia, can only be partial, rare, and defective.

To induce individuals to engage in such arduous attempts, (I mean those who would not hesitate to make the petty sacrifices already mentioned), might not the African society, make their recompense adequate to the importance of the discoveries effected by them, by a remuneration, the amount of which might be fixed by the ratio of their utility or success? Were, for example, a certain sum to be raised or subscribed, and to be held out as the reward of the successful adventurer who might penetrate from Tombuctoo to Cairo; other and smaller sums for inferior or less successful adventurers; somewhat similar to the reward offered by parliament for navigating to or nigh to the Pole;—were an annuity or annuities to be granted either to the successful adventurer, or, in the event of his death or captivity, to those of his relations whom he might prefer; together with a fixed allowance for his own subsistence during the expedition;—were, I say, these or similar measures to be resorted to by the society, I should entertain no doubt of a successful issue.

Note 4. The partial success which has already attended some British adventurers has excited the jealousy, and will stimulate to greater exertions the enterprises of the French, who deem it a gross injury to the character of the great nation, to be outdone by one so inferior as they deem the English to be. In a competition of this, or indeed any other kind, that nation will not be restrained by any principle of justice or honour. The merits of Park require no eulogist: his discovery of the Joliba is most complete and decisive. Notwithstanding the decided opinion of all informed men, indeed of every one who

has read his work, respecting the sources and directions of that river and the Senegal, a French author, of no mean reputation in his own country, who had resided many years on the Senegal, I mean Golberry, has the audacity to say, that the discovery of Park is not decisive, that it is not yet ascertained that the Joliba and Senegal are different rivers. He even hints an opinion that the enterprise of Park was an improper interference in an attempt, exclusively the province of his own countrymen, and that of course his partial success is an object of regret. He comforts himself, however, with the reflection that Park's information is still defective; that still the Senegal may be the Joliba—and that it remains for some future adventurer (of his own nation) to prove decisively, that they are different streams. His object is plain; should ever a Frenchman penetrate to the Joliba, *then* the discovery of the Niger will be announced in the most pompous terms; the enterprise of the Great Nation be extolled to the skies, and a thousand invidious comparisons made, as derogatory to the British as flattering to the vanity of Frenchmen. I know not if this contemptible representative of the most gasconading, vain-glorious nation in the universe, has yet received and merited literary chastisement for his malicious attempt to bear from his brow, the laurels of our modest countryman, Mungo Park.—He certainly merits it.

These desultory notes, or hints, may perhaps at a future period be resumed.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL EDUCATION.

ON the subject of natural and artificial education, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following anecdote:—

On the conclusion of some treaty between a party of Indians with the Council of Pennsylvania, the latter offered to the former to educate some of their young men according to the modes of civilized life. The Indians, after duly considering the proposal, declined the offer; asking at the same time, "What can we get by the exchange of education? You cannot walk so fast, nor so well, as we can. You cannot fight so well, nor are you such good marksmen. Our wants are fewer, our distinctions less—without jealousy, ambition, &c. But as you mean to live friendly with us, we are ready to communicate *these blessings* to you, by educating, from time to time, a number of the young men of your nation."

SIR JOHN BARNARD.

THIS excellent citizen of London was no less distinguished as a magistrate than as a senator; in each situation he did his duty with the minutest scrupulosity. A young woman, decently drest, was late at night brought to him at the Mansion House by a watchman, as a prostitute, she having been found alone in the streets at midnight. She requested to be heard in her defence. Circumstances were, however, so much against her, that Sir John asked her, if she could produce any person to her character? She said, that her relations lived a great way off, as far as Whitechapel; and that it would be inconvenient to him to wait till they could be produced. He said, as a magistrate his time was that of the public, and their convenience his; and that he would willingly sit up till her friends could come, and prevent her being sent to prison*. The girl sent to Whitechapel for some of her friends, who gave her an exceedingly good character, and corroborated the reasons she gave for being out so late. This excellent magistrate said, that he had never felt more sincere pleasure in his life; and, after advising her to be more cautious in future, dismissed her.

Sir Robert Walpole, whom Sir John frequently opposed when he thought his measures improper, paid him one day a great compliment: They were riding out in two different parties in a narrow lane, and one of Sir Robert's companions, hearing Sir John's voice before he came up to them, asked Sir Robert, whose voice that was. "Do not you know?" replied the minister, "It is one that I shall never forget: I have often felt its power." When they met together at the end of the lane, Sir Robert, saluting Sir John with that fascinating courtesy which he eminently possessed, told him what had happened.

* Our modern magistrates are not sufficiently cautious with respect to sending persons to prison on very trivial suspicions, nor in keeping them there by way of punishment for petty crimes; confining them in those places of wickedness and despair, where, as Dr. Johnson says very well, "the lewd inflame the lewd, the wicked encourage the wicked; and where a criminal is taught to do that with more cunning which he had been used to do with less."

Sir John Barnard, when he quitted the persuasion of the Quakers, did not lay aside the simplicity of his manners, and the integrity of his conduct. When Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, was one day whispering to the Speaker of the House of Commons, who leaned towards him over the arm of his chair, at the time that Sir John was speaking, he exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I address myself to you, and not to your chair; I will be heard; I call that gentleman to order." The speaker immediately turned about, dismissed Sir Robert, begged Sir John's pardon, and requested him to proceed. The late Mr. Robert Dingley used to say, that Sir John refused to accept of the post of chancellor of the exchequer, when it was offered to him, in 1746.

During the time that Lord Granville was secretary of state, when any applications were made to Administration by the merchants and commercial gentlemen of the city, he always asked, "What does Sir John Barnard say to this? What is his opinion?"

Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt), a man not particularly liberal in his praises, gave Sir John the dignified appellation of the "Great Commoner;" an appellation which with equal propriety was afterwards retorted upon himself.

When, by the death of Sir James Thompson, he became the first on the list of the court of aldermen, the title of "Father of the City" (a title always given to an Alderman in that situation) devolved upon him; and that honourable title, given long since to that firm and upright patriot Cato the Younger, merely reverberated by succession that distinction to which, by his virtues, he had ever a claim. This appears to have been confirmed in the most forcible manner by the erection of a statue to him during his life-time in the Royal Exchange; after which circumstance, however, Sir John never made his appearance within that fabric, but transacted his business in the front of it.

ECCENTRICITIES AND CAPRICES OF IMAGINATION.

A certain writer, apologizing for the irregularities of great genii, delivers himself thus. "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of rea-

son; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have reduced the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dullness to seize upon those excesses, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed *."—Are not the *gifts of imagination* here mistaken for the strength of passions? Doubtless, where strong passions accompany great parts, as perhaps they often do, there imagination may increase their force and activity: but, where passions are calm and gentle, imagination of itself should seem to have no conflict but *speculatively* with reason. There indeed it wages an eternal war; and, if not controuled and strictly regulated, will carry the patient into endless extravagancies. I use with propriety the term *patient*: because men, under the influence of imagination, are most truly distempered. The degree of this distemper will be in proportion to the prevalence of imagination over reason, and, according to this proportion, amount to more or less of the whimsical; but, when reason shall become as it were extinct, and imagination govern alone, then the distemper will be madness under the wildest and most fantastic modes. Thus one of these invalids, perhaps, shall be all sorrow for having been most unjustly deprived of the crown; though his vocation, poor man! be that of a schoolmaster. Another is all joy, like Horace's madman; and it may seem even cruelty to cure him. A third all fear; and dares not make water, lest he should cause a deluge.

The operations and caprices of imagination are various and endless; and, as they cannot be reduced to regularity or system, so it is highly improbable that any certain method of cure should ever be found out for them. It hath generally been thought, that matter of fact might most successfully be opposed to the delusions of imagination, as being proof to the senses, and carrying conviction unavoidably to the understanding: but I suspect, that the understanding, or reasoning faculty, hath little to do in all these cases: at least so it should seem from the two following, which are very remarkable, and well attested.

* Langhorne's Life of Wm. Collins.

Fienus, in his curious little book *de viribus imaginationis*, records from Donatus the case of a man, who fancied his body increased to such a size, that he durst not attempt to pass through the door of his chamber. The physician, believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination, than to shew that the thing could actually be done, caused the patient to be thrust forcibly through it: who, struck with horror, and falling suddenly into agonies, complained of being crushed to pieces, and expired soon after*.—Reason, certainly, was not concerned here.

The other case, as related by Van Swieten in his Commentaries upon Boerhaave†, is that of a learned man, who had studied, till he fancied his legs to be of Glass; in consequence of which, he durst not attempt to stir, but was constantly under anxiety about them. His maid bringing one day some wood to the fire, threw it carelessly down; and was severely reprimanded by her master, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glass. The surly wench, out of all patience with his megrims, as she called them, gave him a blow with a log upon the parts affected: which so enraged him, that he instantly rose up, and from that moment recovered the use of his legs.—Was reason concerned any more here? or, was it not rather one blind impulse acting against another?

S.

THE COMET.

Lo! from the dread immensity of space,
 Returning with accelerated course,
 The rushing Comet on the Sun descends—
 —————perhaps,
 To lend new fuel to declining suns;
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire,

THOMSON.

The comet which now appears above our western horizon in the evening, though in apparent size not larger than a star of the second magnitude, will probably continue visible some weeks, and engage the attention of all

* P. 131. L. Bat. 1635.

† Aphorism. 1113.

the astronomers in Europe; and should it approach nearer the earth, may excite the surprize and alarm the fears of the multitude.

Comets, according to the observations of the most celebrated astronomers, are solid opaque bodies of different magnitudes, and are principally distinguished from the planets by their outline being more irregular, and by a long track of a luminous matter, called their tail, which sometimes stretches a great way across the heavens, and always issues from the body upon the side farthest from the sun. The number of comets belonging to our system is not yet accurately ascertained, but it is supposed that there are about 450—the orbits of 59 of which have been already calculated, and the period of their revolution ascertained. Like the planets, they also move round the sun, but in very long ellipses, approaching very near it in one situation, called their perihelion, and receding to an immense distance in another—the extremity of which is termed their aphelion. The orbits of the comets are in general inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in large angles, and consequently they are not likely to give any disturbance to the earth, though formerly their appearance gave birth to very serious apprehensions.

It was the very accurate observations made by Sir Isaac Newton, on the great comet of 1680, which first proved them to be a kind of planets moving in very eccentric elliptical orbits, and with accelerated velocity as they approach their perihelion. That remarkable comet was supposed to be the same which had appeared in 1106, in the time of Henry I. In the year 531, in the Consulship of Lampadius; and in the year 44 B. C. before Julius Cæsar was murdered. Its next appearance will be in the year 2255.

The comet which appeared in 1759 was pretty accurately predicted by the learned Dr. Halley, and may again be expected to appear about the year 1835. The illustrious Newton calculated, that the heat of the great comet of 1680, in its near approach to the sun, must have been 2000 times greater than that of red hot iron; consequently, if we suppose that comet to be of the same dimensions with the earth, and to cool no faster than red hot iron, it would require upwards of a hundred millions of years to cool; and from its periodical revolution in the short space of 575 years, must remain for ever in a state of the most violent ignition. This comet, according to

Halley, "in passing through its southern node, came within the length of the sun's semidiameter of the earth's orbit." Had the earth been then in that part of her orbit nearest to that node, the mutual gravitation of two such large bodies, with so rapid a motion as that of this comet, must not only have deranged the plane of the earth's orbit, but by coming in contact with the earth (there are comets which are supposed never to come within the bounds of our solar system) the shock must have reduced this beautiful frame to its original chaos, or transported it beyond the limits of the *Georgium Sidus*, into the boundless depth of infinite space.

Comets may serve as conductors of that subtle and active fluid from the sun to the most remote regions of the planetary system; or if, as some have maintained, light be a modification of the electric fire, they may attract and convey back the light emitted from the solar atmosphere, and prevent the decrease which must ensue from the prodigious velocity with which the particles of light are constantly streaming forth from every part of the sun's surface. The celebrated La Lande says, the number of comets which have been observed since the invention of telescopes is so great, that it may be doubted whether they should be reckoned by hundreds or by thousands. Their use in the system of nature, though unknown to us, must, doubtless, be of the first importance.—The largest comet recorded in history, is said, by Seneca, to have appeared not less than the sun:—" *paulo ante Achaerium bellum cometes effulsit non mina sole.*" o. 2 lib. 7, c. 15.

The comet lately discovered, has been very distinctly observed in Scotland, and particularly on the evening of Monday the 12th inst. when the following phenomena were distinctly seen from Stob's Castle, Roxburghshire. It became visible immediately after twilight; at a considerable elevation in the heavens, nearly due west, and set about one-half past eight o'clock, within a few degrees of north west. The nucleus, or star, when viewed through a small telescope, appeared about the size of a star of the first magnitude, but less vivid, and of a pale dusky colour. The atmosphere of the comet, owing to the limited power of the telescope, was barely perceptible.

The tail, daily increasing in magnitude and splendour, as the comet approaches the sun, appeared sometimes extremely brilliant, seeming to be a vibration of luminous particles, somewhat resembling the *Aurora Borealis*,

and at other times almost to disappear. From the arch described by the comet in the heavens, in the short space of two hours, its velocity must be immense. By the nearest computation which circumstances and situation allowed, supposing the comet to be as far distant as the Sun, or about 12,000 diameters of the earth, it must be moving in the present stage of its perihelion, at the amazing velocity of nearly a million of miles an hour, or upwards of 16,000 miles a minute! Such astonishing rapidity is indeed almost inconceivable; but the velocity of the comet observed at Palermo, in 1770, by Mr. Brydone, was still more remarkable, which, in 24 hours, described an arch in the heavens of upwards of 50 degrees in length, and was computed by that ingenious gentleman to be moving at the rate of 60 millions of miles in a day, or upwards of 40,000 miles in a minute!

With a telescope, admitting a large quantity of light, the nucleus was distinctly perceived near London; the luminous matter which formed the tail surrounded the whole body of the comet; the outline of the tail was well defined at some distance from the point of divergence. Near the northern side a small telescope star was seen about fifteen seconds apparent distance from the tail. Two small stars were also near the head of the comet. Had the comet remained longer above the horizon, the direction of its path might have been readily marked by these stars. The tail resembles the electric aura, or a bright ray of the Aurora Borealis. It is highly probable that it is not formed by heated vapour, as some have supposed, but by an immense stream of electric fluid, emanating from the body of the comet, in a direction opposite to the sun. The brilliancy of the stars is not diminished, nor does their light suffer any refraction when seen through the tail of a comet.

OBSERVATIONS UPON ANTS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER I.

“Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, and be wise.”

You have been pleased to write to me, that you desire to know more particularly what observations I

have made upon some of the smallest insects that are in nature. I wish I could fully satisfy your curiosity, by giving you an exact, and, as it were, an anatomical description of those little animals. I should be glad to inform you how ants are generated, to treat of their different species, to shew you in what order they are placed in their nests, and to mention many other curious particulars, which perhaps I shall be able to communicate to you hereafter. I had neither a sufficient time, nor proper microscopes, to take an exact view of all those things ; and therefore I hope you will be contented with such observations as I can now impart to you.

I made those observations in the country, where I spent all the summer without company, in a place which appeared to me very melancholy. One would think, that God was pleased to raise ants, to bring me off from idleness, and make me hear the voice of the wise man, who says, *Vade ad formicam, O piger*. And indeed these insects are not unworthy of our attention, since the Scripture commends them ; and such a curiosity may contribute to our improvement. A particular view of the smallest works of nature, affords new reasons to admire the wisdom of God : and, generally speaking, the conduct of those small insects appears more orderly, and even more edifying, than that of men.

In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated ; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the *south*, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants ; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into the box ; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my

curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniencies. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moonshiny night; and I frequently got up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night: those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon shone, and kept it under ground in the day-time: which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time: it is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that this place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger: for they durst not bring out their wealth all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry

it away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

There is a strait hole in every ant's-nest, about half an inch deep ; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very neat insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and spoil her corn with nastiness.

The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They cut off all the buds before they lay it up ; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests, will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be cut off, there remains another inconvenience. That corn must needs swell and rot under ground ; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth with her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They performed this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun : and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick and stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth ; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth

heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand : besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles, that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another ; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastick, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together, could not come out of an ant's-nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth: thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn ; and then they fetch out the remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon : the sun being very hot, and the sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain which the ants foresaw ; whereas the Almanack had foretold that there would be no rain upon that day.

I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret : there was some old corn in it ; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat, when they can find it, and always pick out the best ; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they kept : and to prevent

their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped up all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers, and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn after many long and painful rambles. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something; one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burthen for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground. But then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall, with her head downwards, and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest,

come down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home : when this happens, they seldom lose their corn, and carry it up again.

I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains : when she came to the box, where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious ramble : such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws : she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times : sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher ; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her : she stopped ; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up : they take hold of it again, when they can find it ; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something : this I have ascertained, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough ; they do not require so great a patience as that of ants ; but few people are capable of it.

Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret out of which they fetched their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had the desired success : the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without taking any corn ; but she observed it : for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision ; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may

not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was some corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in the Holy Scriptures; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

Mikros.

ON COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH POETS,

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

THERE are few studies so fascinating to their votaries as that of Poetry, and in the present day there are few studies which are attended with more expence; for though the works of Warton, Goldsmith, Polwhele, and a number of our best writers made their first appearance in humble form, yet now, not only the more exalted efforts of genius, but the ephemeral effusions of every scribbler are ushered into the world with all the splendour of type, paper, and embellishment. But as it is not absolutely necessary that to form a good library we should add every new production, (probably the reverse) I shall avoid expatiating on so *obvious* a remark, and pass to the more immediate subject of my essay; addressing my present humble observations to you, Sir, as the Editor of the elegant edition now publishing.

The little judgment exhibited in making collections of the British Poets seems at first thought astonishing; yet as, excepting the incorrect edition of Dr. Anderson, the selection has chiefly been left to the Booksellers alone, we perhaps ought not to look for that discrimination which is only to be produced by the united efforts of taste and genius.

Dr. Johnson's edition might perhaps be deemed an exception, but he very politickly disavows having had any power in the selection, though at the same time he informs us that we are to impute whatever pleasure or weariness we may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts,

Pomfret, and Yalden to him, being inserted by his recommendation*; and if these are his choice we certainly need not regret that his taste in selection was so much circumscribed.

Knox, speaking of this edition, observes† that the late collection of Poets has restored to temporary life many a sickly and dying Poet, who was hastening to his proper place, the tomb of oblivion. Why was any more paper wasted on Dorset, Halifax, Stepney, Walsh and Blackmore? How can a work pretend to the comprehensive title of the body of British Poetry, in which the works of Spenser and Shakspeare are omitted to make room for such writers as King, or Ambrose Phillips?

Though we may not have a very exalted idea of this writer's poetical taste when he compares the genius of Tickel ‡ *for dignity, solemnity, and pathos*, to that of Collins!!! Yet we cannot but acknowledge the above observation to be just, and to the names enumerated by him may be added those of Sprat, Yalden, Duke, Broome, Hughes, Roscommon, Rochester, and Fenton.

Several of these owed their temporary fame to title and power, but those charms have now lost their force, and, as Gray remarks, a dead lord ranks but with commoners.§ But though in their present state they are unworthy a place in any collection of British Poetry, many of them were undoubtedly possessed of genius which, if properly exerted, might have produced compositions worthy of being transmitted to posterity; and two or three elegant volumes might be formed from their works as "selections from the inferior British Poets," which would not only reduce the general collection in a great degree "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but would also afford a more refined amusement to the readers of it.

There are few men who can have a more exalted idea of the genius of Beattie than myself, yet I think the judgment and taste evinced in the *selection* of his Poems are equally deserving of our admiration. Had every writer done so, how much would the bulk of English Poetry have been reduced, and how much nobler a monu-

* Vide "Life of Watts"

† "Essays" No. 129, vol. 2, p. 57.

‡ Ibid. No. 175, vol. 3, p. 297.

§ Mason's Gray's Works, vol. 2, p. 119.

ment of national glory it would have formed ! and though many of the pieces he disapproved would do honour to his memory, yet after his rejection of them it would undoubtedly be improper to add them to his works.

You will probably deem me presumptuous when I censure your insertion of the whole of Swift's works in the present collection : but I certainly think the prediction of Dryden ("Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet,") was verified : and he should rank only amongst those authors from whom a selection should be made, more especially as he generally wrote on subjects of temporary interest, and frequently with gross indecency.

I know this method of "garbling" an author's works after his decease, has been censured by some of our greatest critics,* but do not think with justice. Because an author (whose whole works do not amount to more than 100 or 150 pages,) has thought proper to mingle many inferior amongst his superior productions, are we, with blind and indiscriminating reverence, to hand them down from generation to generation,—"to the last syllable of recorded time?" No, Sir, I trust YOUR taste will point out the necessity of a reform ; and with a firm hope that my expectations will not be disappointed,

I remain &c. &c.

W. M. T.

Liverpool, 14th October, 1807.

THE ARTS.

No. IX.

"Caliban—come forth!"

MR. CONDUCTOR.

THE "Apologist for the Chalk manner of Engraving," having closed his Apology, you are now in possession of all that he had to offer on the subject, and you have seen

* Johnson's life of Thomson, &c.

that it almost entirely consists of such abuse of Mr. Landseer's professional character as the law would denominate a libel. The comparison which you were taught to expect between Line and Chalk engraving, is not even attempted, nor is a single sentence offered of Apology for the latter. Your Apologist has written a kind of Irish apology which closes before it begins.

Did I say that not a single sentence was offered? Perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps the following sentence may be meant *as an Apology*. "I declare my opinion to be that the *Clytie*, *Circumcision*, *Silence*, *Diploma*, the *Wolfe* and *La Hogue*, are so finely engraved that *I should be sorry to see the attempt to execute them in any other mode of engraving whatever.*" If this be his Apology, all that need be said is, that it is a very sorry Apology, and that his dotting brethren (I for one,—though I do not boast of it) will not be *very* much obliged to him. What he has chosen to call Mr. Landseer's attack, amounts to much less than this concession.

He denies that my story is true of Dr. Garth, but admits that it is true of Dr. Ratcliff. Since he admits it to be *true*, it is enough for my argument: but I wish your compositor had not, in that part of my former Letter, where I relate this anecdote, inserted "*personally*," for "*professionally* administered," since I do not suppose any thing of the former kind was ever intended, much as it is, in my opinion, deserved: again, in the third line of p. 94, he has omitted the word *deny*, where the sense is incomplete without it: I wrote, "which the writer before me does not, and I suppose cannot, deny."

You seemed to think that I had wielded too rough a weapon against your correspondent with the "Toma-hawk;" The insensibility of his second Letter, has probably satisfied you that I have been cutting a Block with a razor, when a hatchet or a hand-saw ought rather to have been employed. He even does not see the necessary reaction of his own principles. *Hard* as I have been, he does not feel the *vis-inertiæ* of the blow he gives. He appears not to entertain the faintest idea that *if* it be logically indispensable for *one* man to *engrave well* in order to prove the *truth of his writings*, or the *justness of his remarks on the Engravings of others*, it must also be indispensable for another, and that the public was therefore naturally led to expect some great name at the close of an Apology which set out upon these principles; or at

least, that ancient *Apology* for a great name, a *line*, which while it vied with those of Protogenes and Apelles, should more delicately inform us of the superior talent of him who had *descended* to attack Mr. Landseer on this ground.

Perhaps however, he *has* exhibited this credential, so necessary in his former estimation to the credibility of Truth (but which his *modesty* might prevent him from subscribing at the close of his *Apology*) in some other part of your Cabinet, and either the portrait of Nell Gwynn, or that of Mr. Cooke which stands before it, and which it would be equally unnecessary and improper in me to censure or to praise, may be meant to humble Mr. Landseer's pretensions; to "bring him to his level," that this Chalk engraving champion, "may be more able to cope with him," knowing, as he informs us he does, "how small a portion of mankind think for themselves, and how many of them rest their opinions on *the authority of others.*"

It is rather an awkward dilemma for so stout a Champion to be driven to, but, if he does not shew *by his Engraving*, how much better he is qualified to appreciate Mr. Landseer's talents as a Lecturer than the managers of the Royal Institution, or abilities as an Engraver than the Academicians of the Royal Academy, his argument will, upon his own principles, be wanting in its main support. It is incumbent upon him, therefore, either to avow his Engravings, or disavow and abandon his former sentiments.

It is perhaps my own fault, but you do not seem to have clearly understood the drift of *my* reasoning, in my former address. My intention was, to affirm, at first, what I afterwards supported by argument. I could not expect you, nor your readers, to believe this would-be-thought Apologist, to be "a bad man," on the mere *ipse dixit* of an anonymous correspondent. Neither have I yet asserted so much; but, since these two words have been echoed and re-echoed, let us coolly examine into the use which I originally made of them.

"That *bad men* in their reasonings frequently overlook very important points," and that, "conscious of being weak in Truth, a *bad man* foolishly flatters himself that he shall prove strong in Falsehood," are my positions, (see p p. 92. 95.) and I believe you will allow, that they are positions of a very general nature, and such as any

man may assert without offending the good.—Had he been a good and a true man, he would have granted them, and shewn, as in that case he could easily have done, that they did not apply to him: instead of which, he steps, with the voluntary grace of a Caliban, upon the pedestal which I placed for him.

But, Sir, lest you should still think my argument deficient on this point, permit me to add that, if a man endeavours to filch from another his good name, (I grant that in such cases we little dogs are very apt to think it our duty to bark,) and if this be done (as in the present case) where it cannot possibly promote the cause which he affects to espouse;—In the words of our great Poet, if he robs another of that which not enriches him, he is in my estimation a bad man, since no other than a bad man, can act from so base a motive, but, if the party so robbed, or so intended to be robbed, be a man who has run greater risks, and has made greater exertions and greater sacrifices for the general advantage of a very ingenious profession, than any other, the guilt is aggravated. Your readers, if I mistake not, will scarcely think less of such turpitude, than that it is the conduct of a *very* bad man.

However, in compliance with your moderation, which I must ascribe to some charitable principle; or, in doubt of my own powers of ratiocination, I will now endeavour to think of this man as only weak and misinformed. That he is weak, the feebleness of his second attempt to stab, may seem to countenance; that he is misinformed, his avowedly speaking of Mr. Landseer's Etchings from hearsay, may serve to prove, and both may be inferred from the impudent folly of his presuming to address the public upon no better ground, and from his dwelling on those qualities in that gentleman's professional works, which they do not eminently possess, while he leaves unmentioned those for which they are more justly esteemed.

But none of these exceed the weakness, the folly, and the absurdity of his *still* expecting (after what you have inserted from the Volume of Lectures) that your readers will agree with him in confounding Mr. Landseer's account of Chalk engraving, *as it was practised by Ryland* and his immediate imitators, with Chalk engraving, *as it is practised by the best artists* at present.

Is there any thing wanting, Sir, to the perfection of this mental picture?—Yes—at least one touch, which is obvious enough in the original, may heighten the *consistency* of its absurdity. Entrenched as this *critic* is,—and as every *anonymous* critic, is intrenched—behind his masked battery, he is ridiculously absurd enough to boast of following to his trenches, a man who boldly stood forth and read the Lectures which he has since published, before audiences, consisting of hundreds of the mingled friends and enemies of himself and his profession.

But whether the man be wicked, weak, misinformed, absurd, or foolish; or any, or all of these, a plain tale shall set him down.—Set him down, did I say?—I ought rather to have said, shall eventually curb his audacity. A character so arrogantly dull, so irascible, yet so insensible, as he, will froth awhile when he is whipped; and I dare believe, notwithstanding he has taken leave of both you and me (of me *he hopes*) for ever (see p. 158) that you will hear from him again ere long.

Among those who practise the art of Chalk Engraving in a certain island, (no matter for its latitude or longitude) is a gentleman who was once Clerk and Butler to a country magistrate. If he has raised himself from an humble to a more exalted sphere, it must surely be mentioned as a circumstance to his credit, whatever your correspondent of critical acumen may insinuate to the contrary—But I wish he would pause here and reflect, if he ever reflects, and say whether he really and seriously would think it fair to judge of this man's talents as an Engraver, by his abilities as a Butler, or *vice versâ*?

If this person (I am now speaking of the *ci-devant* Butler) should talk or write about Drawing, he would indeed lie open to the joke of having it suspected that the drawing of Corks was meant—but still, if he wrote or talked, or drew, or engraved well, no well constituted mind, would condemn or traduce his writings, drawings, or engravings, because he had once been a Butler, but would rather (I should suppose) be disposed to make a candid allowance for what imperfections he saw, and to give to the merits he discovered, a full measure of approbation.

I think, Sir, if the generous critic abovementioned, reflects on this—*parable*, he will then be disposed to judge of Mr. Landseer's Lectures by *what they are*, and not by what *he may suppose* to have been the previous education of the Lecturer: If he is not thus disposed, I believe

you will agree with me that it cannot possibly be of the smallest consequence.

I remain, Sir, Your's, &c.

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

P. S. On looking again at the second part of the Apology, I perceive clearly that its author (I suspected as much) has not read the book, which he has dared to condemn.—Not read the book!--he has not even read the two first pages.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. II.

Collatis undique membris.—HOR.

ARNOLD DU TILB.

THIS man, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the upper Languedoc, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the object of a criminal prosecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet, only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's residence, lived a little farmer, whose name was Martin Guerre, married to a modest handsome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himself of the Spanish province of Biscay; they had a son, and, for their situation in life, possessed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in consequence of a dispute with his father-in-law, Martin suddenly quitted his family, and charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or cooled in affection towards his wife, although she had conducted herself with exemplary propriety, had not been seen or heard of, for eight years.

It was during this long absence, to lovers as well as husbands, a dangerous interval, it was at this time that Arnold du Tilb, the subject of our present article, who had formerly seen and admired the wife of Martin Guerre, meditated a most perfidious and cruel stratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly resembled the absent

man; like him too, Du Tilb, having for many years quitted his country, was generally considered as dead; and having made himself acquainted with all the circumstances, connections, and general habits of Guerre, as well by collateral enquiries, as by actual association with him during two campaigns as a private soldier, he boldly presented himself to the wife and family, as her long lost husband.

The risque he incurred, and the difficulties he encountered, were considerable; a thousand little circumstances, which it is easy to imagine, but unnecessary to describe, must daily and hourly have led him to the brink of detection; indeed, it is not easy to conceive how he could succeed, unless the unhappy dupe of his delusion had been herself a promoter of the cheat, which does not appear to have been the case.

The stranger at once, and without hesitation was received with transports of joy, by the wife and all the family, which at that time consisted of four of her husband's sisters, and an uncle; one of them remarking that his cloaths were somewhat out of repair, he replied "yes," and, in a careless, and apparently unpremeditated way, desired that a pair of tuffety breeches might be brought to him. The wife not immediately recollecting where she had put them, he added, "I am not surprised you have forgot, for I have not worn them since the christening of my son; they are in a drawer at the bottom of the large chest in the next room; in this place they were found, and immediately brought to him.

The supposed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way, by song and dance; he enjoyed the privileges and pleasures, he shared the emoluments and cares of a husband, and a few days after his arrival, repaired to Rieux to transact some necessary law business, which had been deferred in consequence of his absence; the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whose suspicions of imposture were first excited by a traveller passing through the village; this person hearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared, that eighteen months before, he had seen and conversed with an invalid of that name in a distant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and child

at Languedoc, but that it was not his design to return during the life of his uncle.

The stranger being sent for and privately questioned, repeated, in a clear and consistent manner, what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehensions of the uncle, that the *real* Martin Guerre was still absent, and added, that since quitting his wife, he had lost one of his legs in the battle of St. Quintin.

The family alarmed by this account, now saw or thought they saw many little circumstances, which had before escaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mrs. Guerre cohabited, and by whom she had had two children, was not in fact her lawful husband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her mistake; she loudly, and with tears insisted, that her present domestic companion, was her first love, her real and original husband; it was not till after several months, that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to prosecute the impostor.

He was taken into custody, and imprisoned by order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence, and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court, followed by a number of people, whose curiosity was naturally excited; the deposition of the traveller, concerning the absent Martin Guerre was first read; the uncle, the sisters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias were next closely questioned on their oaths; some declared that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre, others as positively insisted that he was the identical person, corroborating their testimony by many collateral circumstances; but the greater number avowed without scruple, that the resemblance between the two, *if two there were*, was so great, that it was not in their power to distinguish; the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favour of the prisoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to say in his defence, he answered without embarrassment, that the whole was a conspiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who taking advantage of the easy temper and weak understanding of his wife, had contrived the story in order to be rid of him, and to get possession of his property, which he valued at eight thousand livres.

The uncle, he observed, had for some time taken a dis-

like to him, had frequently assaulted him, and in one instance would have killed him by the stroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the prisoner on *the weakness of his wife's understanding*, served to diminish the surprise of the court at her being so easily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring, in any manner they were able, to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinsman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of the reasons which first induced him to quit his house and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had passed his time; that he had served in the French army seven years, and, on his regiment being disbanded, had entered into the Spanish service, from which, being impatient to see his wife, and sorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a considerable expence he procured his discharge, and made the best of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithstanding his long absence, and the loss of his hair, he was directly and universally recognized by his old acquaintance, and received with transports of joy by his wife and sisters, particularly by his uncle; although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to stir up the present prosecution against him.

The prisoner, in consequence of certain leading questions from the judge, gave a minute description of the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place in Biscay, where he said he was born (still insisting that he was Martin Guerre) mentioning the names, age, and occupation of the relations he had left there; the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, also the persons who were present at the ceremony, as well as those who dined with them; which, on referring to collateral evidence were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and credible witnesses, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold Du Tilb, swore, that the prisoner was not and could not be Martin: one of these, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and, observing that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the disgrace it would bring upon his family.

These persons also insisted, that Martin Guerre was tall, of a slender make, and, as persons of that form frequently are, awkward and stooping in his gait; that he

had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his nose was flat, and that several scars were to be seen on his left eye-brow, and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they observed that Du Tilb was a middle-sized well-set man, upright, with thick legs, a well formed nose, and without any thing remarkable about his mouth or lips; they agreed that his countenance exhibited the same scars as that of Martin.

The shoe maker, who had for many years furnished Guerre with shoes, being called, deposed, that his foot reached the twelfth size, but that the prisoner's was rather short of the ninth: it further appeared, that the former had, from his early youth, been dexterous at cud-gelling and wrestling, of which the impostor was wholly ignorant.

As a strong circumstance against the person accused, it was added that his manner of speaking, and the sort of language he used, though, at times, artfully interlarded with Patois and unintelligible gibberish, was very different from that which used to be spoken by the real Martin Guerre, who, being a Biscayan, spoke neither wholly Spanish, wholly French, nor wholly Gascon, but a curious mixture of each, a sort of language called the Basque.

Lastly, and what seemed to make an impression on the court, the prosecutors referred to the internal evidence of the offender's character, which, they proved, had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme; they produced satisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedness and uncleanness, a common swearer and blasphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accusation lay heavy upon the prisoner; a pause ensued for deliberation, and the court, fatigued by the long and patient examination of a host of witnesses, took refreshment; the town house being still crowded with persons impatient to give their testimony in behalf of the prisoner, whom they considered and pitied as an injured man.

The first parties next examined astonished the judge, and staggered the whole court, they were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of sound understanding, and of character unblemished; they positively swore, that the man in custody was *their dear bro-*

ther Martin. Two of their husbands, and thirty-five persons born or brought up in the neighbourhood corroborated their assertions; among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianoche, or as an Englishman would call it, the sack-posset, after they were put to bed on the wedding night, declared as she hoped for everlasting salvation, that the prisoner and the man she saw in bed with the bride, was the same person.

The majority of these last witnesses also deposed, that Martin Guerre had two scars in his face, and that the nail of the fore finger, on the left hand, in consequence of a wound received in his childhood, grew across the top of his finger; that he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger; the judge ordered the culprit to stretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this description.

It further appeared, that on his first arrival at Artigues, the prisoner addressed most of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of those who had forgotten him, several circumstances with respect to the village, on the subject of births, marriages, and deaths, which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he also spoke to his wife (as he still insisted she was) of certain circumstances of a very peculiar nature, which took place on the wedding night; these I will not repeat.

He, who could give an assumed character so strong a resemblance to reality, and so dexterously clothe falsehood in the robes of truth, was no common impostor; like other great villains, he must have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this business, the wife being called, her pretended husband solemnly addressed, and called on her, as she valued peace of mind here, and everlasting happiness hereafter, to speak truth without fear or affliction, and declared that he would submit to instant death, without repining, if she would swear that he was not her real husband; the woman replied, that she would by no means take an oath on the occasion, at the same time, she would not give credit to any thing *he* could say.

The evidence, on both sides, being closed, and the defence of the prisoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnould du Tilb guilty, and sentenced him to suffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Thoulouse, who not long after ordered a copy

of the proceedings, and the convict to be forthwith transmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of justice as well as registry of royal edicts, wisely determined to take no decisive step in the business till they had endeavoured to get sight of and secure the man with a wooden leg, as described by the traveller; the uncle strenuously insisting that he, and no other, was his long lost nephew:

A commission was appointed to examine the papers, and call for new evidence, if necessary; descriptions of the person, and circumstances of Martin Guerre, the absent husband, were also circulated throughout the kingdom; at length, after several months elapsed, and considerable pains had been taken, the absentee was fortunately discovered in a distant province, conveyed to Toulouse, and ordered into close custody, with particular directions that he should have no intercourse with any person whatever, even at his meals, but in the presence of one of the commissioners, who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themselves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a solemn and final re-hearing, and a list of such witnesses, as would be required to appear before the parliament, was, in the mean time, sent to Rieux, for the purpose of preventing the trouble and expense of conveying to Toulouse, so large a number of persons who had crowded the court and streets of Rieux.

The parliament assembled at an early hour, the former proceedings were read; the prisoner still persisted in asserting his innocence, and complained of the hardships and injuries he had suffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being asked if he knew him, undauntedly answered, "No." The injured husband reproaching the impostor for the perfidiousness of his conduct in basely taking advantage of the frankness of an old companion, and depriving him of his wife and property; Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuser.

The present was thought a curious instance of audacity contrasted with simplicity of heart and unassuming manners; an impudent and flagitious adventurer, who had for several years enjoyed the wife and property of another, and, in the face of his country, endeavouring to persuade the injured man out of his name and personal identity; it was further observed, that the gesture, deportment,

air, and mode of speaking of the impostor was cool, consistent, and steady; while those who appeared in the cause of truth, were embarrassed, hesitating, confused, and, on certain points, contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four sisters, and the uncle, had not yet seen the real Martin Guerre; they were now called into court: the first who entered was the eldest sister, who, the moment she caught sight of the man with a wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming, with tears, "Oh, my dear brother, I now see and acknowledge the error and misfortune into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The rest of the family as they approached, confessed, in a similar way, how much they had been deceived; and the long lost Martin, mingling his tears with theirs, received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderness and affection.

But, towards his wife, he deported himself very differently; she had not yet ventured to come near him, but stood at the entrance of the court, trembling and dismayed; one of the sisters, taking her arm, conducted her to Martin, but he viewed her with sternness and aversion, and, in reply to the excuses and advances she made, and the intercession of his sisters in her behalf, "That she was herself innocent, but seduced by the arts of a villain." He observed, "Her tears, and her sorrow are useless, I never shall love her again; it is in vain that you attempt to justify her, from the circumstance of so many others having been deceived; *a wife has ways of knowing a husband unknown to all the world*; in such a case as this, it is impossible that a woman could have been imposed on, if she had not entertained a secret wish to be unfaithful; I shall, for ever, regard her as the cause of all my misfortunes, and impute solely to her, the whole of my wretchedness and disgrace."

The judge reminding the angry husband, that if he had remained at home, nothing of what had happened could ever have taken place, recommended lenity and forgiveness.

Du Tilb was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, sacrilege, rape, and theft, and condemned to make the *amende honourable*, in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand; to demand pardon of God, the king, the nation, and the family he had so cruelly deceived; it was further ordered, that he should

be hanged before the dwelling house of Martin Guerre, and that his body should be burnt to ashes ; his effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and, as the day of execution approached, was observed to lose his firmness ; after a long interview with the Curè, he, at last, confessed his crime, acknowledging that he was first tempted to commit it, by being repeatedly mistaken for and addressed by the name of Martin Guerre ; he denied having made use of charms, or of magic, *as many suspected*, very properly observing, that the same supernatural art which could enable him to carry on his deception, would also have put it in his power to escape punishment.

He was executed according to his sentence, first addressing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

This singular narrative is authenticated by the respectable evidence of Gayot de Pitaval, and related in good latin by the worthy Thuanus.

I annex the words of the latter ; as the passage is not long, I produce it as a correct specimen of the proper way of telling a story, and as a fair contrast to my own.

“ Arnoldus Tillius arctam in adolescentia cum Martino Guerra, dum ambo in castris essent, amicitiam coluisset ; oris ac corporis specie tam Martino similis, ut nihilo, excepta pedis longitudine ab eo diversus esset.

Post octo annorum Martini absentiam, ausus est pudicitiam uxoris ejus attentare, et postremo persuasit se Martinum esse ; et cum multa, quæ viro cum conjuge, secreta sunt, instructus dedicerat, non solum uxori, sed et sororibus aliis que Martini agnatus imposuit, et cum illa totum triennium consuevit, quo tempore duos liberos suscepit.

Sed cum homo alienæ pudicitiae raptor, etiam bonis avidius inhiaret, a Petro Guerra, Martini patruo, quasi impostor postulatus, uxore etiam fraudem suspicante.

Judices interea sententiæ incerti essent, cum Deo volente, Martinus ex Hispania intervenit, et pro vero viro ab uxore agnitus, omnem dubitationem exemit, et Arnoldus, post veniam a Deo, rege, justitia, et Martino et uxore ignominiose petitam, tanquam impostor, adulter, raptor, sacrilegus plagiarus et fur, ad suspendium damnatus est.”

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATIOQUE CULPAIQUE.

An Address (to Ld. Henry Petty, and) to the British Parliament, on Vaccination, of the greatest importance to mankind, wherein the Report of the College of Physicians is completely confuted. By Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, Esq. 2d. Edit. Hatchard, 3s. 6d.

When in the earlier stage of Vaccination we perused Mr. Aikin's excellent Treatise on the Cow-pox, we pleased ourselves with the conviction that all controversy on the subject would be precluded; but behold! in this advanced stage of its progress, an address appears to the British parliament, in which the report of the whole College of Physicians is *completely confuted*, and when we fancied ourselves at the end of our journey, we find we are just at the point from which we set out. This modest medical *Esquire*, it seems, was an active soldier in his very first hours of childhood; for he thus describes himself: "a physician of thirty-five years most extensive and successful practice, (excepting the time in which I was serving my king and country *in arms*:" but perhaps he means in *the army*, for it seems he is not less skilled in the science of powder and bolus, than of powder and ball, for he either holds or has held the situation of *Bar-rack-Master*; in conjunction with his Diploma as a *Doctor of Medicine*, he is M. D. or M. B. *utrum horum*.

This physician of "thirty-five years practice" in arts and arms, caught at first the prevailing affection for vaccination, and in the fervor of this *first love*, he was induced to have his own child inoculated; but as vaccination, though it prevents the small-pox, has not the like power of expelling or curing all other diseases to which the habit of body may be liable, it so happened that in this case some scrophulous appearances presented themselves, and this great physician thereupon set about rubbing mercurial ointment into his child *in arms*, and giving mercury internally to the *mother*; and as the infant died under this *trial of skill*, this Esculapius rose up in his wrath, sent the case to the renowned Dr. Squir-

rel; who nimbly popped it into the list of his cases of cow-poison, and published it to the world with all due execration.

The case was transmitted in a letter, from which we shall make an extract or two, in order that it may bear testimony to the profound judgment as well as professional eminence of this "physician of thirty-five years extensive and successful practice." The letter begins in this wise:

TO DR. SQUIRREL.

"SIR,

"According to your request, I send you inclosed the case of a child of mine who was inoculated with the cow-pox, which proved fatal to the poor infant. During the time the cow-pox inoculation was introduced and brought into general practice, I was abroad, and having heard repeatedly the most favourable and flattering account of its success, was induced when I came home to have my child vaccinated."

Now it cannot but be matter of wonder how it should happen that Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, *Esquire*, in the course of his *extensive practice*, should, even after vaccination had been brought *into general practice*, have only *heard* the flattering accounts of its success, and have had no opportunity afforded him of *practically* trying it; besides, the very favourable account of its progress which he received must have been well grounded, for as a medical man, and in *extensive practice*, he must have had good opportunity of judging of the truth of what he had heard, and he must have received his report from persons whom he must have known were well informed, or he would not have ordered his own child to be vaccinated. He himself therefore gives the strongest testimony in favour of vaccination, though in the blindness of his rage to suppress it, he does not appear to perceive the tendency of his own evidence. We are pleased however to see the whole College of Physicians confuted, by a *single* case of *singular* practice; but we fear they will still persevere in the Vaccine system, for those who are *confuted*, are not always *convinced*, and there are some whose prejudice is so strong, as to resist even the combined force of *quackery* and *quicksilver*.

The letter proceeds thus:

"On the 8th of April, 1802, the child twenty-two days old, being in perfect health, was inoculated with good laudable vaccine matter from a healthy subject, by Mr. Canadine, a respectable and experienced surgeon of East-lane, Walworth."

It is a little curious that this *Squire* who writes this letter, after the fact which draws down all his virulence and all his vengeance, who in the whole of his book most violently *condemns* all vaccine matter, as not only *bad*, but poisonous and execrable, should declare this very vaccine matter to which he lays the charge of his child's loss, to be *good* and *laudable* vaccine matter; and it would moreover puzzle the common sense of those who have not this writer's portion of military and medical skill to account, how the child from whom this poisonous, diseasing and deadly matter was taken, should itself be a *healthy child*.

Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, *Esquire*, having administered his mercurial aid to his infant of *twenty-two days old*, not forgetting the mother; and having closed his labours with bestowing on Dr. Jenner the most unqualified condemnation, and heaping every term of the most abusive scurrility against the advocates of Vaccination, thus concludes:

"I have now performed my duty to God, to my country, and to mankind, according to my conscience."

Surely this *Squire's conscience* is of a comical cast. But if it suits *him*, and he is satisfied with it, why so be it. Let every man speak well of the bridge that carries him safe over. If this sort of conscience enables him in so able a manner to perform his duty thus extensively, we will not quarrel with its materials, or with the mould it was cast in.

The Crisis. By the Author of Plain Facts; or a Review of the Conduct of the late Ministers. 2d Edition, 2s. 6d. Stockdale, Pall-Mall.

This author writes with great spirit. The *Crisis* he thinks is at hand, and His main argument is this: As long as Buonaparte chuses to persevere in his intolerant system, at once to interdict all neutral trade whatever I would completely assert (says the Author) the ascendancy of the British trident; and, as far as the intercourse with France and her dependants or her allies was concerned, I would not suffer a neutral bark to float upon the seas. What France wanted, she should not acquire, till a duty had been levied on it in some British port; and thus would I compel her to contribute to the support of our maritime strength.

This we know is a very general and popular Sentiment ; but Great Britain need not yet resort to an expedient of which nothing but self-preservation, and that at the very last extremity can justify the employment. Our Author, however, supports his position very ably. There are, strictly speaking, but two independent nations left ; and those who are not our friends, must be at present, or must speedily become, our enemies. Buonaparte has the complete rule over the continent, which he exercises, according to his own free-will, in the manner which, in his judgment, will prove most injurious to us. We have the complete rule over the seas, which we, in return, should exercise in the manner which, in our judgment, will prove most injurious to him. This is the only mode which he has left us of correcting his audacity, or of disarming his malevolence. Can we then hesitate to adopt it ? The public law of Europe is for the present gone. On the part of the continent, it has been dissolved by the usurper : on our part, it has been superseded, by the necessity to which the operation of that tyranny has reduced us. It is not to be expected, that we should continue to acknowledge the validity of those restrictive maxims, which our adversary completely rejects ; and whilst he is ranging at large, entirely released from all confinement, that we, from bigotted scruples of conscience, should fetter ourselves by an implicit obedience to their authority. His acts exonerate us, in the strictest moral sense, from all obligation. If it is our duty to be kind towards others, that duty can only so far apply as it is consistent with our safety. The strongest law of nature is self-preservation, and to that law, on general principles, every other must bend.

The law of nations must, from its very constitution, be purely conventional. Over the actions of independent states, there can be no sovereignty. There can be no permanent tribunal, to which they can appeal for redress : there can be no judicature to adjust their disputes, or to punish their transgressions. If, therefore, in the civilized parts of the world, a code of laws have gradually grown up, and have been generally acknowledged, it has been from a sense of its utility, and from a conviction of the convenience which has resulted by abstaining from its infraction. It was, no doubt, while it lasted, of infinite benefit to mankind. It has frequently prevented hostility : it has always mitigated the havoc of war, and facilitated

the return of peace. By moderating the passions of men, and setting up boundaries which were respected by common consent, and which even an hostile state was rarely provoked to disregard, it imparted to the efforts of an antagonist a character of justice and clemency, which divested him of the violence of ferocious hatred, and assuaged the fierce animosity of national contention. By tempering the malignant spirit of enmity, its fatal effects were diminished, and its resentments more easily appeased. Even amidst the most melancholy ravages with which wars were occasionally attended, individuals of adverse communities regarded each other with sentiments of humanity. They fomented no feeling of rancorous revenge; and the moment peace was restored, the wounds which had been inflicted were at once healed, and even the memory of them was obliterated.

But an enemy has now started up, who is evidently determined to bring back mankind to the barbarous doctrines of savage and untutored life, and completely to expunge from the code of public law every maxim by which man, in his civilized state, has been hitherto controuled. The ravages of this cruel spoiler are only to be resisted by the weapons which he himself employs. And the sooner he is repelled, the better for suffering humanity; for not till then can mankind hope to be restored to the enjoyment of those privileges, or the protection of those laws, under which they have been accustomed to live, and from which their most valuable blessings have been indisputably derived.

Thus, with whatever reluctance and grief, we absolutely must, in our own defence, and as the last resource left to force our antagonist back to some state of reasonable subordination, suspend the operation of public law. We must impede the irregularity of his incursions, by letting him feel the extent of the penalty which he is striving to inflict on us, and thus compel him to abandon the profligacy of his career. What in him is the basest and most wanton depravity, is reduced in us to nothing more than justifiable retaliation. It is, in fact, the only mode by which we can rescue ourselves and others from impending evils of no light complexion. It is only by a prompt and bold interference, that what has been lost can be retrieved. If we continue to yield much longer, recovery may be placed beyond the boundary of hope. When we have driven him back within the prescriptive

confines of justice, we, who only overleaped them in his pursuit, shall voluntarily return, satisfied with the proud distinction of having restored to the practice of christian nations the doctrines of civilized and social existence.

It is very evident that if we vigorously enforce that extended right of search, which is consonant to our political welfare, and put a complete stop to all neutral intercourse with France and her allies, by absolutely prohibiting vessels, navigating under a neutral flag, from conveying thither their colonial produce, we shall cut off the only channel through which they have been accustomed to receive every foreign commodity. In that case the underhand commerce, from which they at present derive innumerable benefits, will be at once annihilated, and Great Britain, becoming the only emporium, whatever France requires from the stock of foreign lands, to feed her wants, or to administer to her luxuries, she must apply for to us. We should then be totally independent of others, and most of the advantages which we enjoyed would be exclusively our own. We could then, without hazard, fix an arbitrary price on every article of exportation, and in proportion as France opposed obstacles, would the expence of procuring her necessities be increased. She being the chief sufferer would soon find it her interest to repeal her non-importation laws, and diminish her restraining duties. Instead of endeavouring any longer to thwart our trade, she would court its conveniencies, and the different markets of Europe would again become eager competitors for a commercial connexion with this country.

Such are some of the measures which in this writer's opinion the country ought to adopt at this alarming *crisis*. With respect to the raising a sufficient military force for our defence, he prefers the plan proposed by Lord Selkirk, and recommends the minister to carry it into effect in spite of the *murmurings* of the people. Here again we think our author premature. There perhaps never was a *crisis* when it was more necessary that the sense of the people should be concurrent with the operations of government.

The author alludes in very respectful terms to the publication entitled the *Frauds of Neutral Flags*, and it is very evident that he owes many obligations to that work, as well as to the *Dangers of the Country*, from the same admirable pen.

Upon the whole the *Crisis* is a very seasonable pamphlet; the intention of it is highly laudable, the arguments are worthy of serious attention, and some of the measures he recommends, absolutely essential to the safety of the country.

Letters addressed to the Daughter of a Nobleman, on the Formation of Religious and Moral Principle. By Elizabeth Hamilton; large 8vo. 10s. 2 vols. Cadell and Davies.

Miss Hamilton has already done much for the rising generation. Her *letters from an Indian Rajah* abound with ingenious remarks and wholesome admonition; and the present work will form an excellent companion to it. Some of her tenets are questionable, particularly those which apply to *Religious Principle*; but we can recommend the work altogether, as exceedingly fit to be placed in the hands of every young lady who has any desire for useful knowledge.

Thoughts upon Domestic or Private Education, 12mo. 3s. Longman.

If the age does not grow wiser and better, it is not for want of instruction, nor of guides to point out the mode in which it can best be communicated. The press abounds with tracts and volumes on the important subject of Education; and it is but giving this little work the praise it merits, to say that it contains some very just observations on the present practice of our schools, and suggests many evident improvements, particularly with regard to *private* tuition. The following are the qualifications which the author thinks should be looked for in a private instructor. He supposes him to have the care of two youths, between the ages of ten and twelve, to be trained in the paths of learning, virtue and honour, before they depart to either of those seats of the sciences, Oxford or Cambridge---“ That he should be a most sincere believer of the Christian religion, and of the most unblemished character, are two such essential requisites, that wanting these, he would want every thing for the office of tutor. Great and sincere however as his respect and veneration for the established religion of his country, yet ought his orthodoxy to be tempered with charity; since when it cannot overlook the slightest offences or casual

temerities, it may be said to resemble those odoriferous flowers which may become insupportable and offensive when their perfumes are too strong. It is indeed a profanation of the name of Christianity, which enjoins its disciples to the undeviating practice of candour, benevolence, humility, and forgiveness, to "conceive we love not God except we hate our brother, and we have not the virtue of religion unless we persecute all religions but our own*." For any one so to think, and so to act, does not more shock our reason, and provoke our disgust, than that instance of the ridiculous and incurable malignity of the papists to Calvin, which in their Spanish expurgatory index would not suffer even his name to appear, but substituted in its room that of *Studiosus quidam*†.

Should his classical learning be deeply imbued with the spirit of a liberal and enlightened criticism, we can pardon in him the enthusiastic love of the ancients, which made Scaliger prefer the glory of composing an ode of Horace to the crown of Arragon. His knowledge of ancient and modern history should flow like the crystal stream, clear, full, and strong; for it is the peculiar excellence of history ever to be subservient to the great ends of virtue and wisdom. Like the chemist, who can extract wholesome properties from poisons, the scenes of the most complicated vice and oppression, which are unrolled in her mighty volume, only serve more closely to attach us to those sentiments which cherish and cultivate in our breasts a warm love of truth, an abhorrence of tyranny under whatever form it may appear, and a deep and grateful sense of all the blessings inherent to rational liberty. In his politics he should resemble, if I may be allowed the expression, the constitution of his country; which equally shews a reverence for the dignity and independence of the crown, and a tender regard for the rights and privileges of the people. The vigour of his imagination, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the accuracy of his judgment, should mark his real taste for the belles lettres, or polite literature. With the chissel and the pencil, he should be sufficiently conversant to feel and acknowledge in the works of Michael Angelo, as far as the human powers can

* See Dr. Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophecy* p. 4.

† Chetwynd's *Historical Collections*, cent. lii, p. 90.

attain the perfection of both these arts. And as young people, both in writing, as well as in speaking, are more apt to catch the defects than the beauties of him who is proposed for their model, therefore, in the most familiar discourse his pronunciation should always be correct, and his words selected with the greatest care: at the same time, after the hour of study is over, he should often lead them to converse upon gay and pleasing subjects, in order to divest them of that common prejudice, that in proportion as the understanding increases in the knowledge of science and learning, it becomes more grave and consequently less agreeable. I am the person whom you wish to see, said the amiable Plato, when he was desired by his foreign guests to introduce them to his graver namesake, the philosopher; a speech which some tutors would do well occasionally to recollect. Nor ought he to be less careful in any friendly debate, which may arise between his pupils, to warn them against the substitution of noisy declamation for sound argument; as that is something like one of Apelles's scholars, who not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, was determined to make her fine.

In his manners he should aim to be easy, impressive, and even graceful; and to be respected and beloved by his pupils, his temper ought to be firm without being austere; **for a servile compliance** with their humours, however it **may** please them for the moment, must unavoidably, in the end, expose him to their ridicule, for the **meanness** of his spirit, and the weakness of his **understanding**. No saying ought therefore to be esteemed by him more unworthy of a well-constituted mind, than that of the Marquis of Winchester, who being asked how he kept his employment during the reign of four princes, answered, "*Ortus sum e salice, non e quercu **."

With *these foregoing* qualifications, and possessed of a rich fund of miscellaneous knowledge acquired from an extensive intercourse with books and the world †, and

* See Robert Nauton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, p. 77.

† Some modern philosophers have contended, that to educate a youth of rank and fortune, a layman is preferable to an ecclesiastic; for although the character of the former may be not quite so regular, nor his manners so sober as the latter, yet ~~from~~ having mixed so much more in public life, he will possess, say they, a greater acute-

acquainted also with the common topics of the day, he may then be justly considered as all-sufficient to superintend the education of two youths of great birth and opulence."

Though we cannot withhold our general approbation from these thoughts, we are compelled to observe that the stile in which they are conveyed is sometimes not remarkable either for elegance or correctness; a fault which ought not to be expected from a writer who employs his pen on the subject of *education*.

For instance "*both* derision, contempt, and disgrace," (page 11.) "Now let us look to the manner in which he shall impart his instruction, *for them* to acquire." (page 24.) He should not open the book "without *first* giving them a selection of his most sparkling thoughts, &c. *before* he proceeds to the developement of his latent and complete beauties." [page 25.] In pages 26, 27, the stile is so perplexed as to be nearly unintelligible; the "*former*" appears to be used for the "*latter*," and *they* and *their* should be *he* and *his*. *Liberalize* (page 32.) is, as Polonius says, *a vile phrase*. Again, page 33. "For one of these important vocations the *pupil* of the single master is of course designed. Even in their conversation therefore he should accustom *them* to that pitch and arrangement of the voice, *as* shall communicate an interest and spirit to their language.

The marks of similar haste, carelessness, and inelegance, are very frequent. "*How much* characters of this active and enlightened description are now wanting the profligacy and irreligion of the times shew, alas, *too much*." (page 55.)

We should not have noticed these defects so particularly, but that we are reviewing the *second edition* of the work, and because we think a writer whose sentiments appear to be so just, should be anxious to cloath them in a more attractive garb.

ness of discernment. Certainly if the clergyman of the present day emerged from academical privacy and rustic retirement, the other might then be better qualified as tutor to a young nobleman, but as it is notorious to all, that the contrary is the fact, we confess ourselves at a loss to comprehend this argument.

The Works, Moral and Religious, of Sir Matthew Hale, Knt. Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; the whole now first collected and revised. To which are prefixed his Life and Death, by Bishop Burnett, D. D. and an Appendix to the Life, including the additional Notes of Richard Baxter. By the Rev. T. Thirlwall, M. A. Editor of the Latin English Dictionary. 8vo. 2 vol. 18s. Symonds.

This complete Edition of the works of so learned a man, so able and upright a Judge, and so pious a Christian as Sir Matthew Hale, cannot but prove in the highest degree acceptable to the public.

The Life by Bishop Burnett, with Baxter's Additions are prefixed.

The Editor has discharged his trust with great ability.

Edgar; or, Caledonian Feuds: a Tragedy, performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By George Manners, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Tipper and Richards.

This Tragedy (if Tragedy we can call what seems only calculated to excite laughter and contempt) was first acted for a Benefit at Covent Garden, and with the assistance of the author's friends was performed to a good house; a few common-place sentiments in the shape of *Clap-traps* were eagerly seized by these friendly *hands*, and the writer, (poor mistaken man!) fancied that he had produced a fine Play. His supporters, however, having performed their duty, staid away on the second night ("their state was the more gracious"); consequently the house was almost empty, and the *Clap-traps* passed without notice. We had the misfortune to be present at the acting of this drama, but we have since had a greater, that of *reading* it.

The Plot is taken from Mrs. Radcliffe's Romance of the *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*. But we do not suppose the lady will think that any compliment has been paid her.

Three Lyric Odes, on late celebrated occasions. By the Rev. William Clubbe, Vicar of Brandeston, 4to. 2s. 6d. Ipswich.

The Battle of the Nile; and the Action off Trafalgar; are two of the celebrated occasions which have inspired

our author's muse. The *broad-bottomed* administration suggested his third composition, which is entitled *Harmony*, a fit theme for a versifier, and as far as his own stanzas go, it is tolerably well preserved. The author of course did not foresee, though there is always supposed to be something prophetic about a poet—how little *harmony* would exist between the *two* accounts of an interesting conversation in a certain closet.

A Complete Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakspeare, adapted to all the editions. Comprehending every substantive, adjective, verb, participle and adverb, used by Shakspeare; with a distinct reference to every individual passage in which each word occurs. By Francis Twiss, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. 3l. 3s. Egerton.

This must have been a work of great labour, and it appears to be well executed; in some instances *too well*; for surely to specify *every* substantive, adjective, &c. can answer no useful purpose whatever; for instance, who would wish to know in what particular play such words occur as *after*, *again*, &c. Ayscough's *Index* is, on the contrary, too laxly made. Many of the Bard's most remarkable expressions are not included. Mr. Twiss's work has thus far the advantage over its predecessor. But not introducing any quotations, the necessary information will in general be more readily furnished by Ayscough.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"Ode to Liberty,"

For five voices, composed by Samuel Webbe. Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.

The lovers of vocal harmony will ever hold the name of Webbe sacred. If among the numerous glee-writers of this kingdom there is one who deserves to be esteemed more highly than the rest, Webbe is that man. We feel warranted in saying of him what can be as-

serted of few glee-writers that all his compositions of that kind, are good, and that most of them are excellent. We know not of a single glee that he has written, which is not to this day frequently performed among the various glee-parties and harmonic societies in the kingdom. We rejoice, for the sake of the lovers of harmony, that the spirit of the father has so fully descended upon the son. The *Ode to Liberty* is completely worthy the name and character of its author. Mr. Webbe has entered into the spirit of Addison's beautiful words like a true lover of liberty, and has given to them a glowing and animated effect. We sincerely hope that he will produce a succession of glees similar in excellence to the *Ode to Liberty*. We also hope that he will imitate his father in never publishing a glee which can be ranked among the inferior productions of the day.

"The Grave of Tom Moody, the noted Whipper-in."

The words by Mr. Churchill, composed by I. Watlen, and sung at all the theatres, also at the principal concerts. Watlen. Price 1s.

This is a poor attempt to imitate Mr. Shield's popular and excellent ballad, *the Death of Tom Moody*. There are a few tolerable passages in it, but the rhythm is frequently bad, and the composition in general not very good.

"Kate of the Castle,"

An English ballad, written and composed by I. Watlen. Price 1s. 6d.

Some strains of this ballad are pretty enough; we cannot say so much for the whole. Those passages which we suppose Mr. Watlen meant as embellishments, we think have materially injured the simplicity of his melody.

"Hark to Philomela singing,"

A Glee for four voices, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, composed and dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge by Wm. Knyvett. Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.

This is a very cleverly arranged composition. The melody has nothing striking to recommend it, but the inner parts are arranged in a very pleasing stile; they bespeak the author's intimate knowledge of glee singing. The accompaniment is well calculated to heighten the general effect of the piece.

"He's gone away from me,"

Sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall-Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, the words by Alfred Allendale, Esq. Purday and Button. Price 1s.

Mr. Hook has written so much that, it seems almost impossible for

him to write any thing more which may fairly be said to possess the charm of novelty. Whether this is to be attributed to him as a fault we shall not now attempt to determine; we shall only observe that this ballad does not contain a single passage that is not familiar to us: it is not at all necessary therefore to criticise music that has been so often before the public. For the benefit of juvenile performers we will just remark that the cadence at the close may be omitted without any material injury to the song.

"The Cottage that stands by the sea,"

Sung by Mrs. Margerum at Vauxhall-Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, the words by Mr. Upton. Purday and Button. Price 1s.

We must frankly confess that for compositions of this kind we have no relish. Our opinion of the ballad before us is briefly this—that the poetry is poor namby pamby stuff, and that the music is worthy of the poetry.

"Queen of the Valley,"

A Glee for five voices, the words from the Madoc of Southey, composed and inscribed to John Heaviside, Esq. by Dr. Callcott. Birchall. Price 3s.

After having so lately taken occasion to censure Dr. Callcott, we rejoice in the opportunity which this glee affords us of being able to award him our sincere approbation. It is a composition in every respect worthy of him; for although we cannot rank it first among his glees, it certainly must be placed among the first. The conception and execution are equally masterly. Two or three things struck us which we rather wished otherwise—the point led off by the second tenor at the conclusion of the first movement is too good to be dismissed in a single page—a ludicrous effect is given to the opening of the second movement by an attempt to express the word "long" by length of sound—the time of the respective movements is not given to either of them. These trifling defects excepted, we hesitate not to pronounce "Queen of the Valley" an excellent glee.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing a collection of glees, dnetts, and catches, selected from the most eminent authors. The work will consist of two volumes, and to each subscriber will be given two books of the words printed separately. For the use of young piano-forte players, a compressed accompaniment will be added by Mr. Samuel Webbe, by whom the work will be edited. Price to subscribers Two Guineas.

Mr. Marsh, of Chichester, is arranging for publication an extensive collection of chants, from the best masters.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. — *Shakspeare*.

REFLECTIONS ON COMEDY.

COMEDY is a representation of common life; its end is to shew the faults of particular characters on the stage, and to correct the disorder of the people by the fear of ridicule.

The grand object of Comedy is to shew man ridicule; to remind him of what he is exposed to in common life, and what he really meets with in the world, and to teach him to stand on his guard; for a man does not see his own danger, his own picture, his own manners, only by seeing them represented on the stage.

Comedy is intended to lash the follies and imperfections of mankind through the vehicle of ridicule, an art which should ever be considered as the greatest test of wit, breeding, and observation; this art “whose end both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as ’twere the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;” is changed into what is vulgarly called a moral kind of entertainment, to which a citizen, it is true, may bring his wife and daughter, with as much safety as to a Methodist chapel, but with equal prospect of improvement.

But, as we mean to treat this subject otherwise than by either investigating its origin, or simply declaiming on its imperfections, it will be but candid to weigh the force of the arguments which are urged by the favourers of this innovated art.

The soundest philosophers have agreed, that ridicule has a much better effect in curing the vices and imperfections of men than the examples of rigid virtue, whose duties are so sublimed, that they for the most part intimidate them from the trial. Were mankind made of that moral pliability of mind, so as to be capable of receiving the sharpest impressions of virtue, then indeed some excuse might stand for the latter practice; but, as

their hearts are composed of as many degrees of imperfection as there are degrees in society, what will best and most effectually reform them should be adopted; hence no characters should be introduced on the stage, by any means whatever, above the tone of morality, whilst the *Liar, Rake, Fop, Sharper, Hypocrite, Glutton, &c. &c.* should be always brought forward in the warmest colourings of ridicule. Similar characters in life, finding themselves thus constantly exposed on the stage, would indirectly feel the shame of their situations, and either abandon them entirely, or be taught to qualify them so as to be less inimical to society; whereas, at present, by being for the most part precluded as objects of ridicule and contempt, the world loses the benefit of their reformation.

This is virtue! real virtue, and love of truth, independent of opinion, and above the world; this disposition, transferred to the whole of life, perfects a character, and gives it that finish which extorts even the admiration of those who cannot practise it.

Comedy, according to Aristotle, is defined to be "an imitation of the worst of men; when I say worst, (says that great philosopher,) I don't mean in all sorts of vices, but only in ridicule, which is properly a deformity without pain, and which never contributes to the destruction of the subject in which it is." This definition of Aristotle's is corroborated by Horace, Quintillian, Boileau, Mulgrave, and the long line of illustrious authors, who have written on this subject." Its manners, sentiments, and diction, are governed by the same laws as those of Tragedy; that is, the first should be good, or suitable to the characters, and the two last correspondent to the first.

Comedy has no occasion to raise its favourite personages on pedestals; since its principal end is not to make us admire them, in order to render them more easily the objects of pity; the most it aims at, is to give us a little uneasiness for them, arising from the crosses they meet with, (which ought rather to be a sort of disappointment than real misfortune,) in order to give us more satisfaction at seeing them happy at the unravelling of the piece; its design being to make us laugh at the expense of ridiculous persons, purging us of those faults which exposes us, that we may become fitter for society. Comedy, therefore, cannot render the ridiculousness of its per-

sonages too visible to the spectators, who, whilst they discover with ease the ridicule of others, will still find it difficult to discern that which is within themselves.

Now we cannot distinguish nature so easily when she appears in strange customs, manners, and apparel, as when she is clad after our own fashion: the Spanish, Italian, and French decorum, for instance, being not so well known to us as that of England, we are not so shocked with the ridicule of a person that acts against them, as we should, were this personage to violate the laws of decency established in this country.

The Spaniards have a turn to find the ridicule in things much more than the French, and the Italians, who are much better comedians, excel in expressing it. In short, that agreeable turn, that gaiety which maintains the delicacy of its character without falling into dullness or buffoonery, that elegant raillery which is the flower of wit, is the qualification which Comedy requires.

We must, however, remember, that the artificial ridicule which is required on the theatre, must be only a transcript of the ridicule which nature affords. Comedy is only naturally written when, being on the theatre, a man can fancy himself in a private family, or a particular part of the town; for, when the Romans sat at Terence's Comedies, they imagined themselves in a private party, finding nothing there which they had not been accustomed to find in their usual conversations.

PHILOKOSMOS.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

When this great actor was at Paris, he visited the celebrated Madame Clairon. In the course of his conversation with her, he asked her if she had ever heard of the Gamut of the Passions. She expressing her ignorance of what he meant, he immediately, with his voice and countenance, ran over the whole scale and compass of them, beginning with the most simple, and gradually proceeding to the most complex.

A friend of Mr. Garrick asking him, why a whisper of his was heard throughout the whole theatre, whilst the loud declamation of many of his colleagues was occasionally completely unintelligible, "the blockheads," replied he, "have no idea of distinctness in their speaking; they know not how to acquire

"A temperance that may give it smoothness."

Mr. Garrick had been told that no more Letters of Junius were to appear in the Public Advertiser. He mentioned to one of the noblemen about the Court what he had heard. Junius, who had his eyes every where, was informed that Mr. Garrick had given this intelligence. He caused a letter to be sent to him at the theatre just as he was going upon the stage to play one of his great parts. The letter was virulent and abusive, hinting to him, that he might well be contented

Plausu sui gaudere theatri,

and not interfere in politics. The letter produced its effect, and this wonderful actor for once played ill.

SHAKESPEARE'S FLUELLIN.

From Mr. Jones's History of Brecknockshire.

“ In consequence of an affray in the high-street of Brecknock, in which David unfortunately killed his kinsman, Ritsiart Fawr o'r Slwch, he was compelled to fly into England; and, to avoid a threatened prosecution for the murder, attached himself to the Lancastrian party, to whose interest he ever afterwards most faithfully adhered. There can be little doubt but that Shakespeare, in his burlesque character of Fluellin, intended David Gam, though for obvious reasons, as his decendants were then well known and respected in the English court, he chose to disguise his name. I have called Fluellin a burlesqued character, because his pribbles and prabbles, which are generally out-Heroded, sound ludicrously to an English as well as a Welch ear; yet after all, Llewelyn is a brave soldier and an honest fellow; he is admitted into a considerable degree of intimacy with the king, and stands high in his good opinion, which is a strong presumptive proof, notwithstanding Shakespeare, the better to conceal his object, describes the death of Sir David Gam, that he intended David Llewelyn by this portrait of the testy Welchman; for there was no other person of that country in the English army, who could have been supposed to have been upon such terms of familiarity with the king; and it must be observed, that Llewelyn was the name by which he was known in that army, and not Gam, or squinting, for which epithet,

though it was afterwards assumed by his family, he would probably have knocked down any man who dared to address him. By his behaviour on this memorable day, he in some measure made amends for a life of violence and rapine, and raised his posterity into riches and respect; but alas! how weak, how idle is family pride, how unstable is worldly wealth! at different periods between the years 1550 and 1700, I have seen the descendants of this hero of Agincourt (who lived like a wolf, and died like a lion,) in possession of every acre of ground in the county of Brecon; at the commencement of the eighteenth century, I find one of them common bellman of the town of Brecknock, and before the conclusion, two others supported by the inhabitants of the parish where they resided; and even the name of Gam is in, the legitimate line, extinct."

CUSTOMS OF THE THEATRE, &c.

IN THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE :

By Edmund Malone, Esq.

The amusements of our ancestors, before the commencement of the play, were of various kinds. While some part of the audience entertained themselves with reading, or playing at cards, others were employed in less refined occupations; in drinking ale, or smoking tobacco: with these, and nuts and apples, they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains. * In 1633. when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*, women smoked tobacco in the playhouses as well as men.

It was a common practice to carry table-books to the theatre, and either from curiosity, or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented; and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of one or two

* "—Pr'ythee, what's the play?

"—I'll see't, and sit it out whate'er.—

"Had Fate fore-read me in a crowd to die;

"To be made adder-deaf with *pippin-cry*."

Notes from Black-fryers, by H. Fitz-Jeffery, 1617.

of Shakspeare's dramas, which are yet extant, were taken down by the ear or in short-hand during the exhibition.

At the end of the piece, the actors, in noblemen's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed, * prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the publick theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence, probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of *Vivant rex et regina*, to the modern play-bills.

Plays, in the time of our author, began at one o'clock in the afternoon;† and the exhibition was sometimes

* See *A mad World my Masters*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1608: "Some sherry for my lord's players there, sirrah; why this will be a true feast;—a right *Mitre* supper;—a play and all."

The night before the insurrection of the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex, the play of *King Henry IV.* (not Shakspeare's piece) was acted at his house.

† "Fuscus doth rise at ten, and at eleven
"He goes to Gyls, where he doth eat till one,
"Then sees a play."

Epigrams, by Sir John Davies, no date, but printed about 1598.

Others, however, were actuated by a stronger curiosity, and, in order to secure good places, went to the theatre without their dinner. See the Prologue to *The Unfortunate Lovers*, by Sir William D'Avenant, first performed at Blackfriars, in April, 1638,

"——You are grown excessive proud,
"Since ten times more of wit than was allow'd
"Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
"You think in *two short hours* to swallow here.
"For they to theatres were pleas'd to come,
"Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
"There sat on benches not adorn'd with mats,
"And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats
"To every half-dress'd player as he still
"Through hangings peep'd, to see the galleries fill.
"Good easy-judging souls, with what delight
"They would expect a jig or target-fight!
"A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
"Was weakly writ, if it were strongly fought;
"Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
"And cry'd—a passing good one, I protest."

From the foregoing lines it appears that, anciently, places were not taken in the best rooms or boxes, before the representation. Soon after the Restoration, this practice was established. See a prologue to a revived play, in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672:

"Hence 'tis, that at new plays you come so soon,
"Like bridegrooms hot to go to bed ere noon;

finished in two hours.* Even in 1667, they commenced at three o'clock.† About thirty years afterwards, (in 1696) theatrical entertainments began an hour later.‡

In the infancy of our stage, mysteries were usually acted in churches; and the practice of exhibiting religious dramas in buildings appropriated to the service of religion on the Lord's-day certainly continued after the Reformation.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth plays were exhibited in the publick theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. The licence granted by that queen to James Burbage in 1574, shows that they were then represented on that day, *out of the hours of prayer*.

We are told by John Field in his *Declaration of God's Judgment at Paris Garden*, that in the year 1580 "the magistrates of the city of London obtained from Queene Elizabeth, that all heathenish playes and enterludes should be banished upon sabbath dayes." This prohibition, however, probably lasted but a short time; for her majesty, when she visited Oxford in 1592, did not scruple to be present at a theatrical exhibition on Sunday night, the 24th of September in that year. During

"Or if you are detain'd some little space,

"*The stinking footman's sent to keep your place.*

"But if a play's reviv'd, you stay and dine,

"And drink till three, and then come dropping in."

Though Sir John Davies, in the passage above quoted, mentions *one o'clock* as the hour at which plays commenced, the time of beginning the entertainment about eleven years afterwards (1609) seems to have been later; for Decker in his *Culs Horne-booke* makes his gallant go to the ordinary at *two o'clock*, and thence to the play.

When Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* was acted (in 1632,) plays appear to have been over at five o'clock. They probably at that time did not begin till between two and three o'clock.

* See the prologue to *K. Henry VIII.* and that to *Romeo and Juliet*.

† See *The Demoiselles a la Mode*, by Fleckno, 1667:

1. *Actor.* Hark you, hark you, whither away so fast?

2. *Actor.* Why, to the theatre, 'tis past *three o'clock*, and the play is ready to begin "

After the Restoration, (we are told by old Mr. Cibber,) it was a frequent practice of the ladies of quality, to carry Mr. Kynaston the actor, in his female dress, *after the play*, in their coaches to Hyde-Park.

‡ See the Epilogue to the *She Gallants*, printed in that year,

the reign of James the First, though dramatick entertainments were performed at court on Sundays, I believe, no plays were *publickly* represented on that day; and by the statute 3 Car. I. c. 1. their exhibition on the sabbath-day was absolutely prohibited: yet, notwithstanding this act of parliament, both plays and masques were performed at court on Sundays, during the first sixteen years of the reign of that king, and certainly in private houses, if not on the publick stage.

The modes of conveyance to the theatre, anciently, as at present, seem to have been various; some going in coaches, others on horseback, and many by water.*

* In the year 1613, the Company of Watermen petitioned his majesty, "that the players might not be permitted to have a playhouse in London or in Middlesex, within four miles of the city on that side of the Thames." From Taylo's *True Cause of the Watermen's Suit concerning Players, and the Reasons that their playing on London Side, is their* [i. e. the Watermen's] *extreme Hindrance*, we learn, that the theatres on the Bankside in Southwark were once so numerous, and the custom of going thither by water so general, that many thousand watermen were supported by it.—As the book is not common, and the passage contains some anecdotes relative to the stage at that time, I shall transcribe it.

"Afterwards," [i. e. as I conjecture, about the year 1596.] says Taylor, who was employed as an advocate in behalf of the watermen, "the players began to play on *the Bankside*, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex, *for the most part*. Then there went such a great concourse of people by water, that the small number of watermen remaining at home [the majority being employed in the Spanish war] were not able to carry them, by reason of the court, the tearms, the players, and other employments. So that we were inforced and encouraged, hoping that this golden stirring world would have lasted ever, to take and entertaine men and boyes, which boyes are grown men, and keepers of houses; so that the number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oare and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than *forty thousand*; the cause of the greater halfe of which multitude hath bene the players playing on *the Bankside*; for I have known three companies, besides the bear-baiting, at once there; to wit, *the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan*.

"And now it hath pleased God in this peaceful time, [from 1604 to 1613] that there is no employment at the sea, as it hath bene accustomed, so that all those great numbers of men remaines at home; and the players have all (except the kings men) left their usual residency on *the Bankside*, and doe play in Middlesex, far remote from the Thames; so that every day in the weeke they do

To the *Globe* playhouse the company probably were conveyed by water: to that in *Blackfriars*, the gentry went either in coaches,* or on horseback; and the common people on foot.†

Plays in the time of King James the First, (and probably afterwards) appear to have been performed every day at each theatre during the winter season, ‡ except

draw unto them three or four thousand people, that were used to spend their monies by water.

“His majesties players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said, that our suit was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walkes in Paules, or Moorfields, to the Bankside, for our profits, as to confine them.”

The affair appears never to have been decided. “Some (says Taylor) have reported that I took bribes of the players, to let the suit fall, and to that purpose I had a supper of them, at the *Cardinal's hat*, on the Bankside.” *Works of Taylor the Water-poet*, p. 171, edit. 1633.

* See a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, dated Jan. 9, 1633-4; Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. I. p. 175: “Here hath been an order of the lords in council hung up in a table near *Paul's* and the *Black-friars*, to command all that resort to the playhouse there, to send away their coaches, and to disperse abroad in *Paul's Church-yard*, *Carter Lane*, the *Conduit in Fleet Street*, and other places, and not to return to fetch their company; but they must trot a-foot to find their coaches:—’twas kept very strictly for two or three weeks, but now, I think, it is disordered again.”—It should, however, be remembered, that this was written above forty years after Shakspeare's first acquaintance with the theatre. Coaches, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, were possessed but by very few. They were not in ordinary use till after the year 1695. See Stowe's *Annals*, p. 867.

† In an epigram by Sir John Davies, persons of an inferior rank are ridiculed for presuming to imitate noblemen and gentlemen in riding to the theatre:

“Faustus, nor lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
 “To every place about the town doth ride;
 “He rides into the fields, plays to behold;
 “He rides to take boat at the water side.”

Epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598.

‡ See Taylor's *Suit of the Watermen*, &c. *Works*, p. 171: “But my love is such to them, [the players] that whereas they do play but once a day, I could be content they should play twice or thrice a day. The players have all (except the King's men,) left their usual

in the time of Lent, when they were not permitted on sermon days, as they were called, that is, on Wednesday and Friday; nor on the other days of the week, except by special licence: which however was obtained by a fee paid to the Master of the Revels. In the summer season the stage exhibitions were continued, but during the long vacation they were less frequently repeated. However, it appears from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript, that the king's company usually brought out two or three new plays at the Globe every summer.

Though from the want of newspapers and other periodical publications, intelligence was not so speedily circulated in former times as present, our ancient theatres do not appear to have laboured under any disadvantage in this respect; for the players printed and exposed accounts of the pieces that they intended to exhibit, * which, however, did not contain a list of the

residency on the Bankside, and doe play in Middlesex far remote from the Thames, so that *every day* in the week they do draw unto them three or four thousand people."—*Ibidem*.

* "They use to set up their billes upon posts some certaine days before, to admonish the people to make resort to their theatres, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." *Treatise against Idleness, vaine Playes and Interludes*, b. l. (no date.)

The antiquity of this custom likewise appears from a story recorded by Taylor the Water Poet, under the head of *Wit and Mirth*, "Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet Street a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him, what play was payed that day. He being angry to be staid on so frivolous a demand, answered, that he might see what play was plaied upon every *poste*. I cry you mercy, said the gentleman, I tooke you for a *poste*, you rode so fast." Taylor's *Works*, p. 183.

Ames, in his *History of Printing*, p. 342, says that James Roberts [who published some of our author's dramas] printed *bills for the players*.

It appears from the following entry on the Stationers' Books, that even the right of printing play-bills was at one time made a subject of monopoly:

"Oct. 1587. John Charlewoode.] Lyncensed to him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ymprinting of all manner of *billes for players*. Provided that if any trouble arise herebye, then Charlewoode to beare the charges."

characters, or the names of the actors by whom they were represented. *

The long and whimsical titles which are prefixed to the quarto copies of our author's plays, were undoubtedly either written by booksellers, or transcribed from the play-bills of the time. They were equally calculated to attract the notice of the idle gazer in the walks at St. Paul's, or to draw a crowd about some vociferous Autolycus, who perhaps was hired by the players thus to raise the expectations of the multitude. It is indeed absurd to suppose, that the modest Shakspeare, who has more than once apologized for his *untutored lines*, should in his manuscripts have entitled any of his dramas *most excellent and pleasant performances*.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

FOOTE relates that the characters of this play were taken by Captain Farquhar, from the following originals:

Justice Balance was a Mr. Beverley; a gentleman of strict honour and independency, then recorder of Shrewsbury.

Another of the justices was Mr. Hill, an inhabitant of Shrewsbury.

Worthy was a Mr. Owen who lived on the borders of Shropshire.

Captain Plume was Farquhar himself.

Captain Brazen, unknown.

Sylvia was Miss Beverley, daughter of the gentleman of that name just mentioned.

Melinda was Miss Harnage, of Belsadine, near the Wreken.

The plot is supposed to be the author's own invention.

* This practice did not commence till the beginning of the present century. I have seen a play-bill printed in the year 1697, which expressed only the titles of the two pieces that were to be exhibited, and the time when they were to be represented. Notices of plays to be performed on a future day, similar to those now daily published, first appeared in the original edition of the *Spectators* in 1711. In these early theatrical advertisements our author is always styled the *immortal Shakspeare*. Hence Pope:

"Shakspeare, whom you and every *play-house bill*

"Style the *divine*, the matchless, what you will"—.

POETRY.

TO THE SHADE OF DEPARTED BEAUTY.

Spirit of her for ever flown !

O ! could thy heav'nly essence see,
While to the careless world unknown,
How much my soul laments for thee,
Perhaps 'twould please thee then to know
That he whose heart was fondly thine,
Tho' dead to all its hopes below,
Yet cherishes a flame divine !

Then would'st thou see how many a tear
Of anguish bathes these burning eyes ;
Then would thy gentle nature hear
The murmur of my ceaseless sighs !
And, O blest spirit ! then, intent,
In long succession, would'st thou find
How many a slow-wing'd night is spent,
To woo thy image on my mind !

Yet surely, at this silent hour,
When weary'd mortals sink to sleep,
Thou pitying seest, by memory's pow'r
Opprest, thy wretched lover weep,
And shed'st upon his woes a balm :—
For oft upon my troubled breast
Will steal a momentary calm,
That speaks thy hov'ring presence blest.

And oft, to list'ning fancy lone,
As griefs of wilder swell subside,
Thy voice, like music's sweetest tone,
A seraph's soothing tone, will glide,
And with it's breath attention chain :
“ A little space will pass away,
“ And we, at length, shall meet again
“ In yonder realms of blissful day !”

ODE

ON VISITING ———.

O grove ! where erst at ease in languid trance,
 'Twas mine beneath thy sheltering shade secure
 My careless limbs to rest,
 And pass the noon-tide hours.
 Again to visit thy belov'd retreat,
 A lonely pilgrim, from the busy world,
 With lighter step I come,
 Than when I trod the scene
 Where mad Ambition urged her head-long course ;
 When sickly Pleasure, mid the noisy crowd
 Of Folly's silken sons,
 Pursues her ceaseless round.
 How sweet the gale that shakes thy leafy boughs,
 And seems to breathe a welcome to my soul !
 How joyful to my ear
 The blithe birds' " simple song !"
 And o'er its bed the crystal rivulet
 Flows on, in lapses sweet, a cooling tide :
 And on its surface clear
 The busy fly now floats,
 Now waves its filmy wings.—The soften'd mind
 Feels an emotion of deliciousness,
 And blesses the blest spot !
 O may the muse, that here
 A gentle visitant would oft descend,
 And prompt her votary's dreams, not now delay
 Her inspirations ; coy,
 Her aid ; then shall my lyre,
 Else mute, not idly, by the Zephyrs' hand
 Alone awaken'd, half unstrung hang by :
 Then shall these shades again
 With soothing notes resound !
 No foot profane dares here intruding tread,
 But should the child of guilt or pride pass nigh,
 O ! let him pause, and hear
 Latent the peaceful lay !

Liverpool.

G. W. C.

TRANSLATION

OF THE GREEK ODE BY THOMAS MOORE.

Prefixed to his Translation of Anacreon.

“ ΕΠΙ ροδινῶν ταπησιν,

“ Τηῖος ποτ’ ὁ μελίσσης.”

Upon a rosy couch reclin’d,
 His lyre soft-breathing to the wind,
 The Teian bard, with heav’nly fire,
 Awoke the lay of wild desire;
 Around him, votive to his pleasures,
 Cupids danc’d in amorous measures,
 Or form’d the Queen of Beauty’s dart
 That pierces, thrilling sweet, the heart,
 Or for his brows a wreath entwin’d
 Of rose and azure violet join’d,
 Which, whilst his kiss each playful shar’d,
 They plac’d upon the hoary bard.

But Wisdom, heav’n’s immortal queen,
 Gaz’d on their sports with envious mien:
 Ey’d the rapt Bard and joyous train
 That, wanton, bounded o’er the plain;
 And “ Hoary Sage !” she smiling cries,
 (For sophists call Anacreon wise,)
 “ Why dost thou thus thy life employ
 Devote to Bacchus, Love, and Joy,
 Nor own I boast superior charms
 To you gay triflers’ soft alarms;
 Why wilt thou e’er, entranc’d in bliss,
 Sing Bacchus’ joys, and Beauty’s kiss,
 Nor raise thy lyre, and, Wisdom’s Bard,
 Receive from me thy best reward ?”

“O Goddess!” thus the bard replies,
 “Let not for this thine anger rise,
 That without thee the sages deem
 Anacreon wise, tho’ all his theme
 Is beauty, love’s delightful dream,
 The dewy lip, and eye of fire:—
 I love, I drink, I tune my lyre,
 And sport, with pleasure-beaming air,
 ‘Midst glowing groups of beauteous fair;
 For, as my lyre, e’en so my soul
 Moves but to Love’s divine controul,
 And I beneath its blissful pow’r
 Enjoy the calm of life’s short hour:
 Then Pallas say, my sage adviser!
 Am I not wise?—O who is wiser?”

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

SONG.

CATHLIEN NOLAN.

FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT IRISH. *

When o’er the craggy mountain’s sides
 The dewy cloud of evening glides,
 And sparkles in the sun’s last beams—
 Whilst tripping o’er its summit, seems
 Lovely as this my Cathlien Nolan!

Her forehead to the dazzled sight
 Shines as the native pearl, as bright
 Her spiral locks as burnish’d gold—
 Would to her charms my breast were cold,
 Or I’d forgot sweet Cathlien Nolan!

When as the bounding doe she trips
 The greenwood o’er with airy steps,
 Brushing away the glistening dew,
 O then how lovely to my view
 My dearest maid, my Cathlien Nolan!

* Vide Miss Owenson’s ‘Wild Irish Girl.’

Loose o'er her arm her mantle flies,
 To cut the branch of Flame † she hies,
 Whilst in her hand the axe bright gleams.—
 I know not then which noblest seems

The Saxon King ‡ or Cathlien Nolan!

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Love, thou sportive wanton boy,
 Source of anguish, child of joy;
 What are all thy boasted treasures?
 Tender sorrows—transient pleasures,
 Ever wounding, ever smiling,
 Soothing still and still beguiling—
 Anxious hopes and jealous fears,
 Laughing hours and mourning years.
 And “what is friendship but a name,”
 A short-liv'd, shadowy, vapouring flame,
 A soft delusive empty sound,
 For ever sought but rarely found.
 And what is beauty but a flower,
 A rose that blossoms for an hour,
 Blushing thro' fragrant tears at morn,
 At twilight drooping on a thorn.
 And what is youth?—a scene of sorrow,
 Blithe to day, and sad to-morrow,
 Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
 Laughing, weeping, doting, changing,
 Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
 Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain.
 And what is age?—a sapless tree,
 Bowing to winter's stern decree,
 The yellow leaf, the wither'd spray,
 Bending at life's last close of day.
 And what is death?—a welcome friend,
 That bids the scene of sorrow end. S*****

† In the language of prose ‘firewood.’ *ib.* ‡ The King of England is still called by the common Irish ‘Riagh Sasseanach.’ *ib.*

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE

Opened on Thursday, the 17th of September. The following are the principal members of the company.

Mr. Bannister.	Mr. H. Siddons.
Barrymore.	<i>Smith.</i>
Braham.	Sparks.
Cooke.	Wewitzer.
De Camp.	Wroughton.
Dignum.	Mrs. Bland.
Dowton.	Miss Boyce.
Elliston.	C. Bristow.
Evans.	Mrs. <i>Daponte.</i>
Eyre.	Miss Duncan.
Fisher.	Mrs. Harlowe.
Fitzsimmons.	Jordan.
Gibbon.	Miss <i>Lyon.</i>
Holland.	Miss Kelly.
Johnstone.	Mrs. Mathews.
Kelly.	Miss Mellon.
Maddocks.	Menage
Mathews.	Mrs. Mountain.
Miller.	Miss Pope.
Palmer.	Mrs. Powell.
Penley.	Miss Ray.
Powell.	Mrs. Scott.
Purser.	Sharp.
<i>Putnam.</i>	H. Siddons.
Ray.	Sparks.
Raymond.	Mad. Storace.
Russell.	Miss Tidswell.

Mr. Wroughton continues the acting manager, and Mr. Shaw leader of the band.

The names distinguished by *Italics* are new engagements.—We believe the only performers of last season who do not resume their situations are Mr. Cherry and Mr. Bartley; the former is discharged, we presume, on account of his sterling merit as a comedian, and the latter because he has been the most useful and attentive performer the theatre has possessed for many years. Mrs. Whitlock, who appeared in *Elwina*, is not, as we understand, at present engaged.

SEPT.

17. *Country Girl.* Belville, Mr. Holland; Peggy, Mrs. Jordan; (their first appearance these two seasons.) Weathercock. Old Fickle, Mr. Wewitzer.

19. West Indian. Stockwell, Mr. Eyre; Louisa Dudley, Miss Boyce. No Song no Supper.

22. Wonder. Gibby, Mr. Palmer. Poor Soldier. Patrick, (first appearance on any stage) a young Lady; Father Luke, Mr. Palmer.

24. Adelgitha—Poor Soldier.

26. Love for Love—Doctor and Apothecary.

29. Pizarro. Alonzo, (first appearance here,) a Gentleman.
E.C.T.

1. School for Scandal—A House to be sold.

3. Honeymoon. Count Montalban, Mr. Holland. Deserter.

5. Pizarro—Devil to pay.

6. [Not acted for twenty years,] Percy. Percy, Mr. Elliston Douglas, Mr. H. Siddons; Raby, Mr. Eyre; Edric, Mr. Holland; Harcourt, Mr. Miller; Elwina, (first appearance,) Mrs. Whitlock; Bertha, Miss Boyce. Poor Soldier.

8. Soldier's Daughter. Ferret, Mr. Eyre. Forty Thieves. Abdallah, Mr. Ray.

10. Love in a Village. Justice Woodcock, Mr. Dowton; Hodge, (first appearance here,) Mr. Smith; Rosetta, a young Lady, (her first appearance on any stage.) Wedding Day. Sir Adam Contest, Mr. Mathews; Mr. Contest, Mr. Ray.

12. George Barnwell—Forty Thieves.

13. Love in a Village—The Liar.

15. Provoked Husband—Forty Thieves.

17. Love in a Village—Mock Doctor.

19. Romeo and Juliet. Mercutio, Mr. Elliston. Forty Thieves.

20. All in the wrong. Lady Restless, Miss Duncan. Poor Soldier.

21. Love in a Village. Irishman in London. Colloony, Mr. Putnam.

22. School for Friends. Forty Thieves.

24. Honeymoon. Thret weeks after Marriage.

26. West Indian. Stockwell, Mr. Powell. Forty Thieves.

Mrs. Jordan delighted every admirer of comic excellence by her re-appearance in the *Country Girl*, after an absence of an entire season. Her engagement, it is said, is for three years. Mr. Holland also was warmly greeted on his return to the boards. This gentleman was engaged last season by Kemble for Covent Garden, with a promise of high notice and preferment—but did he keep his word?—Yes; he immediately put his name in the bills for a character trifling in itself, and for which the actor was unfit! Mr. Holland, not feeling that his ambition was likely to be gratified by this retrograde, though, no doubt, very *friendly* promotion, instantly withdrew his name; and we are now very glad to see him returned to his old quarters. He is a very respectable actor, and a gentleman.

The lady who appeared in Patrick on the 22d, is Mrs Da Ponte, a pupil of Mr. Corri, whose voice resembles the late Mrs. Kennedy's. She has played the character four times.

The *Alonzo* (Sept. 29th,) is a Mr. Putnam, from the Dublin

stage, a gentleman of respectable talents, whose exertions were greatly and deservedly applauded.

Being absent from London, we could not witness the performance of Mrs. Whitlock, but we learn that she possesses, in common with the rest of her family, a good understanding, great knowledge of the stage, an expressive countenance, and more than a family portion of sensibility; but that her voice wants the requisite power for this large theatre, that her figure is not striking, and that the character selected on this occasion was neither favourable to her person, nor her capabilities. Mrs. Whitlock, soon after the brilliant *second debut* of Mrs. Siddons at Drury Lane, made her appearance in *Portia*, in the *Merchant of Venice*; this was in February, 1783; she afterwards performed *Alicia*, but her success was not adequate to her expectation. After her marriage with Mr. Whitlock, who managed some respectable provincial theatres, she played for several years in the country. When Mrs. Stephen Kemble quitted the Haymarket, her sister-in-law was engaged in her room, and performed there one season, viz. in 1792. We remember to have seen her in *Queen Margaret* in the *Battle of Hexham*, and *Julia* in the *Surrender of Calais*, and we received considerable delight from the judgment and animation which she then displayed. Since that period she has been in America, where she was a distinguished favourite; and has only been a few months returned from that country.

Miss LYON appeared on the 10th of October in *Rosetta*, the airs of which she gave most delightfully. She promises to be one of the most accomplished vocal performers on the English stage; and, indeed, as she is, after Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Dickons, and Mrs. Mountain, there is no female at present on our boards, in this department of singing, to be named with her. Her voice is soft, clear, and melodious, correct in its modulations, and, though not remarkable for its power, sufficiently full, and capable of sustaining great exertion. The upper range of her voice is very extensive, and her execution surprising:—with more of science, a little theatrical practice, and better taste in her *cadences*, she will be a vast acquisition to the English opera. Her figure, deportment, and general manner, are highly pleasing; and she is also far from an indifferent actress. Upon the whole the *début* was uncommonly brilliant. She is a pupil of Corri, and the daughter of Mr. Lyon, an instrumental performer of some celebrity. Mr. Smith appeared on the same evening in *Hodge*. This gentleman has been long a favourite, very deservedly, at Sadler's Wells, where in the rustic characters he displayed considerable humour. He has a good bass voice, which he manages with taste, and seems perfectly conversant with the business of the stage. He was much applauded. Dowton's *Justice Woodcock* is a very rich and exquisite piece of acting.

Before the publication of this Number, Mr. Henry Siddons's Comedy will have appeared under the title of *Time's a Tell-tale*. The *Fortune-teller*, with the music of Mr. Reeve, waits only for Mr. Bannister's recovery. Braham is announced for the Travellers.

COVENT GARDEN.

Commenced its Season on Monday the 14th of September.

The Company.

Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Pope.
Bellamy.	Simmons.
Blanchard.	Taylor.
Bologna.	<i>Thompson.</i>
L. Bologna.	Treby.
Brunton.	Waddy.
Chapman.	Wilde.
Claremont.	Miss <i>Bamfylde.</i>
Cooke.	Bolton.
Cresswell.	Bristow.
Davenport.	Brunton.
Denman.	Mrs. Davenport.
Emery.	Miss <i>De Camp.</i>
Farley.	Mrs. Dibdin.
Fawcett.	<i>Dickons.</i>
Field.	Emery.
Grimaldi.	Fawcett.
Hull.	Gibbs.
Jefferies.	Humphries.
Incedon.	C. Kemble.
<i>Jones.</i>	Liston.
Kemble.	Miss Leserve.
C. Kemble.	Martyr.
King.	Meadows
Lewis.	<i>Norton.</i>
Liston.	Mrs. Siddons.
Menage.	Miss Smith.
Munden.	Mrs. St. Leger.
Murray.	Miss Waddy.
W. Murray.	Mrs. Whitmore.
<i>Oxberry.</i>	

Mr. Kemble is the Acting Manager.

Mr. W. Ware, Leader of the Band.

The new performers in the above list appear in the place of Mrs. Glover, the best comic actress of her time in the fine ladies ; Mr. Melvin ; Mr. and Mrs. Beverley ; Mrs. Smith, Miss Logan, and Miss Taylor. Mrs. H. Johnston has been engaged, but her appearance, for sundry *weighty* reasons, is deferred.

If in the lists of the two companies there should be any material omissions, we will willingly, on proper intimation, supply them.

COVENT GARDEN.

9EPT.

14. Romeo and Juliet—Poor Soldier Kathlane, Miss Meadows.

16. Beggar's Opera—Raising the Wind. Peggy (1st app. here)
Miss De Camp.

18. Wheel of Fortune—Escapes.
21. Cymbeline. Cernelius, Mr. Thompson; Imogen, Miss Norton (her first appearance here.) Farmer, Louisa and Molly Maybush, Miss Bolton and Miss Meadows.
23. Wild Oats. Lady Amaranth, Miss Norton. Quaker.
25. Speed the Plough. Paul and Virginia.
28. Cymbeline. Rosina (1st app. here) a young lady.
30. Provok'd Husband. Lock and Key.

OCTOBER.

2. School of Reform. Mrs. Ferment, Mrs. C. Kemble. Rosina.
5. King Henry the Eighth—Tom Thumb.
7. Cymbeline—Padlock.
8. Macbeth—Hartford Bridge.
9. Road to Ruin. Goldfinch (1st app. here) Mr. Jones. Sophia, Miss Norton. And [1st time here] Of Age To-morrow. Frederick, Mr. Jones, Piffleberg. Mr. Liston; Molkus, Mr. Simmons; Friz, Mr. King; Lady Brumback, Mrs. Davenport; Sophia, Miss Bolton; Maria, Mrs. C. Kemble.
12. Henry VIII. and [1st time here] Wedding Day. Lord Rakeland, Mr. Brunton; Sir Adam Contest, Mr. Munden; Lady Contest, Mrs. C. Kemble.
14. School for Prejudice. Fanny Liberal, (1st app. in London) a young lady. Turnpike Gate.
16. Road to Ruin—Of Age To-morrow.
19. Henry VIII.—Flitch of Bacon.
20. Artaxerxes. Artaxerxes, Mr. Taylor, Artabanus, Mr. Bellamy; Arbaces, Mr. Inledon; Rimemus, Mr. Treby; Mandane (her first appearance in that character, at this theatre.) Mrs. Dickons; Semira, Miss Bolton. Wedding Day.
21. Rage. Hon. Mr. Savage, Mr. Fawcett; Sir Paul Perpetual, Mr. Emery; Sir George Gauntlet, Mr. Brunton; Darnley, Mr. C. Kemble; Gingham, Mr. Jones; Flush, Mr. Blanchard; Signor Cygnet, Mr. Farley; Lady Sarah Savage, Mrs. Mattocks; Mrs. Darnley, Mrs. Gibbs; Clara Sedley, Mrs. Mountain. Tom Thumb.
22. Pizarro—Son-in-Law. Cranky, Mr. Blanchard; Vinegar, Mr. Emery; Bouquet, Mr. Taylor; Bowkitt, Mr. Jones; Arionelli, Mr. Inledon; Idle, Mr. Farley; Mum, Mr. Simmons; Cecilia, Miss Bolton.

Miss De Camp (September 16th) is the sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble; on the 7th of May 1799 she played *Sophia*, in the *Road to Ruin*, for the benefit of Mr. Knight. She has since been acquiring practice in the York Company, at Sunderland, and last summer at Worthing. She has the voice, action, deportment, and expression of countenance of her sister, but it is a *picture in little*. The whole is upon a smaller scale.

MISS NORTON. (21st September.) This young lady we have not yet seen in tragedy, but the report of her talents is very favourable. We shall soon be able to judge for ourselves. Miss Norton is daughter to Mrs. Norton, who was several years of the Covent Garden Company, and niece to Mrs. Martyr. She was the favourite heroine at the Pic Nic Theatre, conducted by Colonel Greville; in 1802, we think, she appeared at the Hay Market in Emily Worthington, and played there the whole season. She performed

Prince Arthur in Dr. Valpy's alteration of *King John*, for Mrs. Litchfield's benefit at Covent Garden in 1803; afterwards joined Mr. Macready's Company at Birmingham, and on the death of Mrs. Young (formerly Miss Grimani) supplied that amiable actress's place at Manchester.

The new Rosina (September 28) is a young lady of the name of Bannylde; her voice is pretty but feeble. She was much alarmed, much applauded, and repeated the character a few evenings after, much to the satisfaction of the audience.

MR. JONES.—This gentleman appeared in *Goldfinch*, and *Frederick* (Of Age To-morrow.) His figure is slight and genteel, his features sharp and intelligent, his voice rather shrill, his articulation distinct, his deportment easy, and his manner full of vivacity. With these requisites, and a long acquaintance with the stage, no actor can fail in *Goldfinch*; Mr. Jones is an actor of great merit; but who can see *Goldfinch* and not think of Lewis; and what comedian can stand the comparison which such a recollection must suggest? He fell into a similar error in making choice of *Frederick*, a character as much the property of Mr. Bannister as *Goldfinch* is that of Mr. Lewis. To excel either was scarcely possible, to fall below both was highly probable. The measure therefore was more hazardous than wise; and the result so naturally to be expected has followed. Mr. Jones has shewn himself to be a clever actor, but has excited neither surprize nor curiosity. He has put on the coat which Mr. Lewis had worn 'till threadbare, and besides being old, it does not exactly fit him. We shall probably see him in characters of a more general nature; for, in truth, we consider that he has hitherto appeared under very serious disadvantages. Miss Norton's Sophia deserves the highest praise.

MISS STUBBS appeared on the 14th October in *Fanny Liberal*. We do not think that this young lady will find it to her advantage to continue on the stage.

Mrs. Dickons has appeared in *Mandane*. In 1792 Mrs. Dickons, (then Miss Poole,) made her *débüt* at Covent Garden in *Ophelia*. She played, we think, three seasons there, and was at that time a good singer; but to a fine voice are now added all the finished graces and brilliant execution which fine taste combined with great musical science can alone bestow. She was *encored* in all the principal songs, and the *Soldier tir'd* was most enthusiastically applauded. Mrs. Dickons has great merit too as an actress. Her action in *Mandane* was very graceful, and the *recitative*, so monotonous and tedious to the ears of an English audience, was even rendered interesting, by the variety of ornament with which she decorated it, and the strong expression which accompanied its delivery. But after all, charming as is Mrs. Dickons's singing, and admirable, nay divine, as is Arne's music, his must be rigid muscles indeed, that will not relax at the language and incidents of the doctor's *serious* opera.

††† A farce called *Too friendly by half*, is immediately to appear. The *Count of Narbonne* is also announced. The Count, Mr. Kemble; Theodore, Mr. C. Kemble; Austin, Mr. Pope; the Countess, Mrs. Siddons; Adelaide, Miss Norton. Mr. T. Dibdin's opera, the music by Shield, is in rehearsal; and a comedy is expected from Mr. Colman. The *Winter's Tale* is likewise getting up.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

On returning from Broadstairs to Margate, Braham and Storace were thrown out of a gig. The former escaped unhurt; Mad. S. had the misfortune to break her arm, but we are happy to learn that she will soon be able to attend to her engagement at Drury Lane.

Mara has declined, it is said, an offer for the Oratorio and Ancient Concert next season, intending to remain another year at Petersburg.

Young Vestris is expected in London; he is twenty-two years old, athletic but elegant, with all the elasticity of his father, and the grace of his grandfather.

Bartley, late of Drury Lane, joins Macready, who is exerting himself to procure a company which shall give satisfaction to the good people at Manchester. He will find this a difficult task. This is one of the theatrical towns where no efforts to please are effectual.

Mr. Bland, the husband of our favourite *ballad-singer*, and the brother of Mrs. Jordan, died at Boston in America about three months since.

Bannister has been for some time confined to his room with a fit of the gout.

The Drury Lane actors are about to erect a tablet to the memory of Baddeley, in return for their twelfth cake and punch on the 5th of January.

The Jealous Wife is to be revived at Covent Garden; Mrs. Oakley by Mrs. Siddons. She has played this character several times, but her representation of it is certainly not happy.

Mr. Holman and Mrs. Edwin have performed a few nights at Southampton with great success. Holman continues acting-manager of the Dublin theatre.

Cooke is not expected at Covent Garden till after Christmas.

SADLER'S WELLS.

A dreadful accident happened at this theatre on the 15th of October. In the course of the performance of the *Ocean Fiend*, a scuffle took place in the pit between some persons of the lower order, who had been riotously disposed the whole of the evening. Somebody exclaimed "*a fight*," which was mistaken for a cry of fire. The House was immediately thrown into confusion, particularly the gallery; several persons dropped from thence into the pit, without sustaining any material injury; others endeavoured to make their way down the gallery stairs, but the crowd was so immense, and several persons who had first found their way out, endeavouring to return to their seats on hearing that it was a false alarm, there was thus no possibility of advancing or receding, and

eighteen or twenty persons of both sexes were either suffocated or trampled to death. Many were terribly bruised, and the list of deaths would have been greatly swelled but for the activity of the proprietors, and the exertions of the faculty, whose assistance was procured with a promptitude truly surprising.

Much as this accident is to be lamented, it is to be observed that there was no ground for the alarm that unfortunately proved so fatal; that even in case of fire the theatre is so constructed, and the water so immediately at hand, that it would instantly be extinguished. We have great pleasure in adding that the conduct of Mr. Charles Dibdin and the other proprietors, on this occasion, has received the commendation of all the parties who have officially investigated the circumstances of the accident, and they have since employed every means which humanity could suggest, to relieve the distresses of the poor relatives of the deceased. The clear receipts of two nights performance are to be appropriated to their unfortunate families.

The following instances of the fatal consequence of a false alarm in places of public amusement occurred at Burwell near Newmarket, on the 8th of September, 1727. It happened that some strollers had brought down a puppet-show, which was exhibited in a large thatched barn. Just as the show was about to begin, an idle fellow attempted to thrust himself in without paying, which the people of the shew prevented, and a quarrel ensued: after some altercation the fellow went away, and the door being made fast, all was quiet; but this execrable villain, to revenge the supposed incivility he had received from the showman, went to a heap of hay and straw, which stood close to the barn, and secretly set it on fire. The spectators of the show, who were in the midst of their entertainment, were soon alarmed by the flames, which had communicated themselves to the barn: in the sudden terror which instantly seized the whole assembly, every one rushed to the door, but it happened unfortunately, that the door opened inwards, and the crowd that was behind, still urging those that were before, they pressed so violently against it, that it could not be opened; and being too well secured to give way, the whole company, consisting of more than 120 persons, were kept confined in the building till the roof fell in. This accident covered them with fire and smoke: some were suffocated in the smouldering thatch, and others were consumed alive in the flames. Six only escaped with life; the rest, among whom were several young ladies of fortune, and many little boys and girls, were reduced to one undistinguishable heap of mangled bones and flesh, the bodies being half consumed, and totally disfigured. The surviving friends of the dead, not knowing which was the relic that they sought, a large hole was dug in the churchyard, and all were promiscuously interred together. As it is not easy to conceive any circumstances of greater horror, than those which attended this catastrophe, neither is it easy to conceive more aggravated wickedness than occurred in the perpetration of it. The favour which was refused was such as the wretch had neither pretence to ask, nor reason to expect. The barn did not belong to the showman, and the spectators were admitted only upon terms, with which he refused to comply. The particulars of his punishment, or his escape, are not preserved with the story.

The accounts are many and authentic as to the atrocious act itself, and though diversified, and apparently written by different authors, agree in the truth of the story.

A dreadful accident arising from a similar cause, happened at Stirbitch in 1802.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—The unprecedented brevity of our summer season, occasions the unusual brevity of this report. A particular and copious criticism is hardly suitable to the performances of a short fortnight.

Miss Smith was our only star; a young lady of whose talents I augured most favourably many years since, though then a girl, and “without a name ’midst the daughters of fame.” It was then my opinion that every thing was to be expected from her riper years and more matured judgment. As I think most highly of this juvenile performer, and entertain the most sanguine hopes of seeing her soon at the head of her profession, I will not insult her by indiscriminate panegyric or mawkish praise. Her comedy is by no means satisfactory to me. The disadvantage of a *petite* figure is not, in this department, compensated by any high excellencies. Like Mrs. Young, she is deficient in that fascinating gaiety of manner, and irresistible vivacity and variety of action, which *elicit* those nameless graces that captivate the heart, and enslave the judgement of even the most fastidious. Her comedy is therefore, (speaking generally) rather meagre and undorned, and in a degree pointless and ineffective.

But her tragedy merits every praise. In richness and variety of tone; in propriety and justness of action and gesture; in picturesque and impressive attitude; in a nervous, mellowed, modulation; in appropriate deportment—above all, in the discriminating delicacy of taste, by which she distinguishes and expresses the feelings and workings of the heart, she is above praise. The cast of character requiring an union of the pathetic feelings, with the more amiable passions, is, I think, the best calculated for her powers, though I allow that the peculiar modulation of voice to which she has habituated herself, with the dignified expression of her features, would rather seem calculated to delineate the more energetic passions of elevated tragedy. Her *Belvidera* was, upon the whole, her very best character here; her *Roxalana*, by far her most indifferent. She is a very great favourite, and most justly (in tragedy) obtained the unbounded applause of crowded audiences.

Of other performers I have little to say.—Megget is, upon the whole, rising fast in consideration: could he assume more confidence and firmness, it would contribute infinitely to his progress.

In consequence of Dwyer's departure, (who has gone no one knows where) Evatt has appeared in some of his first characters, with much advantage to his professional reputation. Toms has left the stage, and settled as a teacher of elocution. Rock is, I think, becoming more attentive to study, the only circumstance he has to attend to in gaining unbounded applause.

Of other matters and performers, you will soon hear from me at length.

THE BATH COMPANY.—The Bristol theatre opened on the 28th of September, with *Hamlet* and the Agreeable Surprise—*Hamlet* by Mr. Young of the Haymarket Theatre, engaged for twelve nights.

The company is as follows; and the characters annexed to the names will shew the line of business which the respective performers sustain.

Messrs. Bengough—*Iago, Pierre, Tekeli, &c.*
 Lovegrove—First low comedian.
 Evans—Second ditto.
 Mallinson—Country boys, *Risk, &c.*
 Gattie—Irish, French, and old men.
 Cunningham—Fops, *Copper Captain, &c.*
 Richardson—*Don Diego, Cacafogo.*
 Sedley—*Cassio, Henry Moreland, Violet.*
 Webber—First singer; *Lubin, &c.*
 Charlton—*Brabantio, Priuli, Stedfast.*
 Gomery—*Maitre-de-Ballet.*
 Abbott.—Cushing.—Dowland, (*Dancer.*)
 Dickenson.—Egan.—Smith.—Meredith, (*The Prompter.*)
 Kelly.—Sims.—Lodge.
 Miss Marriott—*Belvidera, Zorayda, Lady Townly, Mrs. Haller.*
 Mrs. Sedley—*Alexina, Countess Wintersen, Queen in Hamlet.*
 Miss Greville—First singer; *Ophelia, Rosina, &c.*
 Miss Wheatley—Second singer; *Phoebe Whitethorn, &c.*
 Miss Fisher—*Estifania, Catherine, Desdemona, Beatrice.*
 Miss Mills—*Cicely Homespun, Cowslip, Christine, &c.*
 Mrs. Grove—(From Liverpool and Edinburgh) engaged for the principal old women, but she has scarcely entered on her engagement. Her talents are known to be of the most superior kind.
 Mrs. Egan—Second old women.
 Miss Simmons—Pert chambermaids.
 Miss Jameson—Walking ladies.
 Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Gattie, Mrs. Charlton, Chorus, &c.
 Principal Dancer, Miss Martin.

The theatre was opened on the 6th of October, in consequence of the Prince of Wales honouring Bristol with his presence. The morning was ushered in by ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and volleys from the volunteers—noon, by feasting and revelling, and night, by fireworks and illuminations—The playhouse was almost deserted, though even there the performers rejoiced, and concluded the comedy of the Heir at Law with *God save the King*, verse and chorus.

In the epilogue, Mr. Mallinson, who played Ezekiel Homespun, introduced the following couplet :

“ Odds, gi’us your hands, I like these harmless tales,
“ God save the King, and bless the Prince of Wales.”

Mr. Young’s benefit was on the 19th of October. He had a tolerably good house to *Macbeth*, and *The Hunter of the Alps*. The theatres, except on Mouday nights, has been indifferently attended. On the night of the *Heir at Law*, Evans, as Lord Duberly, speaking of his library, had to tell Dick Dowlas there were a sight of French books all written by *Tom*—*Tom* who? was asked, the reply “*Tom Gag*”—**BRISTOL WIT!** Egerton is engaged, but has not yet appeared.

Theatre Royal, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Conductor; To your candour as well as your critical abilities I appeal, in answer to a letter from Mr. Terry, inserted in your last number.

It has been frequently a subject of debate, whether the stage be favourable to morals; in my opinion it can admit of little doubt, for if the plays have a good moral tendency, and the actors are of unimpeachable character, it must necessarily prove an amusement at once instructive and entertaining: but the least speck or blemish upon an actor’s moral character is fatal; nothing degrades and vilifies him more, for it excites our detestation and contempt, and at the recollection of his vices, the character he is performing vanishes from our sight, and we behold him in nothing but his true colours.

Under these circumstances, can it be supposed, that a play can make that impression upon an audience which it would do if the performers were men of “moral rectitude” in their dealings?—No, it is impossible. I therefore fully coincide with you in opinion, that an actor’s moral conduct ought by no means to be regarded as totally distinct from his professional merits: and I also think it a duty incumbent upon every critic, not only to examine his public, but private character, and should there be found room for censure, not to let him pass with impunity, as by these means alone can it ever be hoped to make the stage a school for morality and virtue.

That Mr. Terry should imagine an “allusive obscurity” to hang over the quotation in my last, I confess surprises me, for to him there surely can need no explanation, but to his distant and uninformed friends there may, which I am both “able and ready to render;” yet, as he very justly observes, from being ignorant of the circumstance, various misinterpretations may arise tending very much to his prejudice, and as I do not, by any means, wish this to be the case, I shall merely state that the “foul deed” in question, is neither the crime of an assassin nor of a highwayman, nor is it punishable by the laws of our country; nay, it is laughed at by some, and boasted of by others; yet, it is a crime of such a nature, as must excite our indignation and contempt: even the perpetrator upon reflection must despise himself; it is described by Chamont in the following beautiful lines:

———Long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till at the last, a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Mr. T— asserts the passage to have proceeded from folly or malignity; from the first it might, but from the latter it did not; he is an entire stranger to me, of course I have no enmity towards him; when I made use of the quotation it was not, I can assure him, with the idea of injuring him, nor was I at the time aware of the consequences that might ensue: if therefore I have erred, it has not been through wickedness, but entirely from the misrepresentations of his brother actors, who, I am sorry to say, under the assumed mask of virtue, have publicly dared to vilify his character by the most wanton and illiberal attacks. That Mr. Terry has been to blame I have no doubt, but that he has acted in the manner represented, I am happy to say has since been contradicted.

To dwell longer on a subject which must be uninteresting to every one but the parties particularly concerned, would be folly; I shall therefore take my leave of Mr. Terry and his theatrical friends, and I trust for ever; for be assured that nothing shall again induce me to issue from that obscurity to which my talents seem most appropriated, even had I the opportunity; but that will soon be denied me, as I shall very shortly take my departure for a far distant country.

Liverpool, October 4, 1807.

ARGUS.

Theatre, WORTHING.—The theatre will close this week for the benefit of the manager, whose exertions and whose talents will, no doubt, be rewarded by a crowded house. Mrs. Litchfield's engagement finished on the 10th of October, when her benefit was fully and fashionably attended. The characters she performed were *Calista*, *Jane Shore*, *Country Girl*, *Rosalana*, *Widow Cheerly*, *Lady Townly*, *Juliana in the Honeymoon*, *Patrick in the Poor Soldier*, *Cowslip*, *Mrs. Sullen*, *Irish Widow*, *Rosalind*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Cicely Homespun*, and *Lady Teazle*. *Tekeli* was brought out with a correctness and splendour scarcely exceeded on the London boards.

26 Oct.

ITALIAN OPERA.

There are to be *Two Kings of Brentford* here next season; Mr. Taylor, the late proprietor, and Mr. Waters, acting under the trust of the late manager, Mr. Goold. The former has appointed Mr. D'Egville acting manager, and the following performers are publicly announced as engaged. For the *Operas*, Catalani, Prima Donna *Seria* and Prima *Buffa assoluta*; Madame Dussek; Signora Maria Woolrich; Signors Righi, Morelli, Braghetti, Rovedino, and De Giovanni:—for the *Ballet*, Deshayes, Moreau, Robert, Miss Cranfield, Mademoiselle Presle, and Madame Deshayes. Mr. D'Egville, is the Ballet Master, and Mr. Weichsell Leader of the Band.

Mr. Waters, the other monarch, has formed, or is forming, another company, of which Naldi and Grassini are, we suppose, to be the leading attractions.

The claims of these rival candidates have already called for some little adjustment from the magistrates at Bow Street, but perfect harmony is not likely to be restored without the interference of the Lord High Chancellor, who, let whoever will be manager, is expected on the present occasion to be the principal composer.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

TRAVELS, &c.—Struggles through Life, exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of Lieutenant John Harriot, formerly of Rochford, in Essex, now Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police. A New Edition of the late Dr. Barry's History of the Orkneys, with considerable Additions, by the Rev. Mr. Hederick.

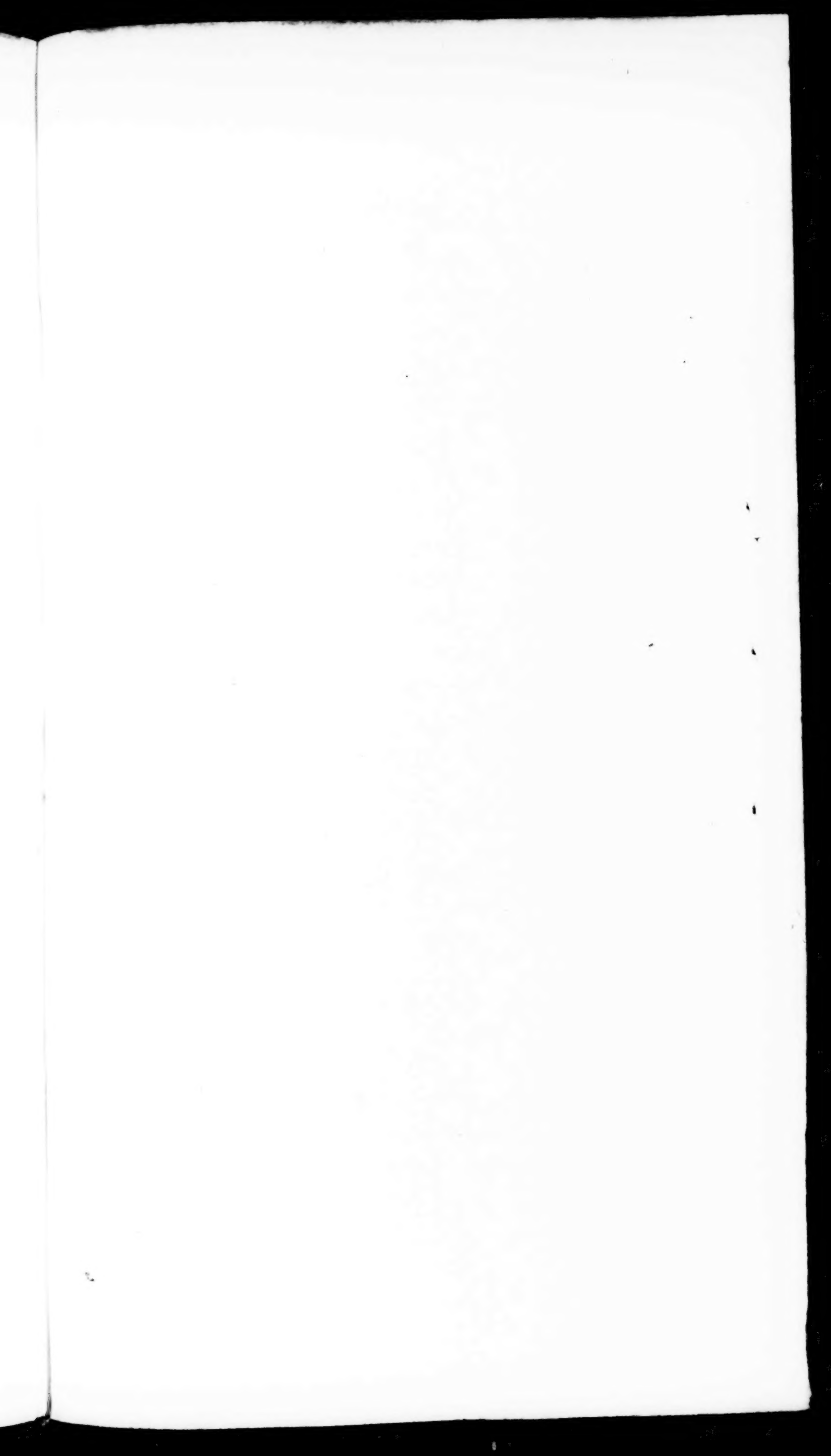
BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of Sir William Pulteney, by Dr. Halliday.

NOVELS.—Florentine, by B. Thompson, Esq. Three Volumes of Interesting Tales, by Mrs. Hurry. A Legendary Romance, illustrative of the domestic manners and amusements of the Fifteenth Century, by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, and entitled "*Queen-Hoo-Hale, or a History of Times Past.*"

POETRY.—The Harp of Erin, or the Poetical Works of the late T. Dermody; edited by J. G. Raymond. A Volume of Ancient Historic Ballads, with Illustrative Notes: containing Richard Plantagenet; The Cave of Morar; The Man of Sorrows; The Battle of Flodden; The Hermit of Warkworth, and Hardyknute.

THE DRAMA.—A New Edition of Potter's Euripides. Alphonso and Clementina, or the Triumph of Reason, with a variety of other Tales and Ballads, by Mr. James Templeman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The History, Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, by Mr. T. Clarkson. Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets, by Perceval Stockdale. Sketches of Human Manners, delineated in Stories, intended to Illustrate the Characters, Religion, and singular Customs of the Inhabitants of different parts of the World, by Priscilla Wakefield. Essay on Logic, by Richard Kirwan, Esq. Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, with Portraits, Autographs, and other Embellishments. Remarks on British Writers, by the late Rev. D. Symonds, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.





Sir Joshua Reynolds pinx't

Hopwood sculp't

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